AU-gust Writing Challenge 2020

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AU-gust Writing Challenge 2020

by slashyrogue

Summary

A collection of my daily AU-gust Writing Challenge fics/ficlets filled with many different types of Hannigram AUs plus three extras I couldn't resist.

Notes

Some of these will eventually be multichapter on their own.

AU-gust Day #1: Fantasy AU - Eat Your Heart

The chains dug into his wrists as he sat in his cell, shaking from the bitter cold, and hungrier than he'd ever been before.

It had been nearly three days since he'd last eaten.

He didn't expect to eat ever again.

The celebration outside continued as it had for the past thirty six hours, music and merriment that made his teeth ache.

Fools.

So they'd caught themselves a monster. It was not hard to do, given the times, and his hunger had made him sloppy. There were plenty of others like him still hiding in the dark, hungry and waiting. His death would not end the killing, nor would it do more than placate their fears.

Hannibal hated how little impact his death would have.

He had no one left the mourn him, and keeping his attachments base for the last decade hadn't done more than stoke his bitterness. The humans were the ones who killed his family. There had been no reason to befriend them.

They were not worthy of his friendship.

After all, they were only food.

Hannibal leaned against the wall, teeth still aching, and looked out at the moon high in the sky.

This would be his last night seeing the moon he was sure of that, and the monster inside him mourned the nights it would miss.

He was so caught up in his anger that he almost missed the scent, a curious ambrosia, and as the aroma grew nearer his mouth watered.

There was someone close, just enough to torture him, and he growled hoping they would hear.

"I can smell you."

Hannibal's teeth ached as someone peered into the cell, blue eyed and innocent. He could not be more than one and twenty with a head full of curls and pink lips that seemed as if they'd never been touched.

"You don't look like a monster."

The human's voice made him oddly calm.

"Not all monsters look the part."

"How many people have you eaten?"

"More than you have, I'm certain of that."

The human smiled. "How can you be so certain?"

Hannibal stood, despite how little energy he had, and moved closer to see his visitor up close. "I stand corrected," he teased, "Why are you not celebrating?"

The human frowned. "I don't think death is worth celebrating, even if it's of a monster."

"I've killed more people than I've comforted."

"You have," the human said, "One of them was my father."

Hannibal expected tears, or even a glare. He got neither. "You do not seem upset by this."

"He was an evil man," the human said, "I thank you for it."

He moved closer now, just short of being able to touch, and the human reached out his hand. Hannibal could hear the blood as it traveled through his veins. He wondered if he tasted as good as he smelled.

"You're welcome."

"My name is Will," the human said, "And yours is?"

Hannibal's fingers brushed against Will's and his entire body shuddered in response. "Hannibal."

Will smiled. "Nice to meet you, Hannibal."

"I regret that this is our first and last meeting."

He watched the smile fade from Will's face and wanted nothing more than to bring his happiness back again.

What was this human doing to him?

"Why? They do not plan on killing you by hand," Will murmured, "I've heard them. They fear you and...."

"I cannot last much longer, Will. My hunger is...vast and unending."

He saw Will look back at the crowd, and then him. "Do you want me to bring you food? I can."

Hannibal smiled. “The food I require is...not easily gotten.”

Will’s heart beat faster. “I know,” he said softly, “But I can still bring it to you just the same.”

He licked his lips. “Remarkable boy,” he purred, “If you could feed me I would reward you.”

“I need no reward, Sir,” Will said, “I....am merely repaying you.”

“I would reward you just the same.”

Will’s blood rushed down to his nether regions and Hannibal’s teeth ached.

“What would you give me, Hannibal?”

“Whatever you desire.”

Will licked his lips and Hannibal wondered if they tasted as sweet as they looked. “Whatever I desire?”

“Yes.”

“I will return,” Will promised, moving to stand, “I promise. Do not die just yet, Hannibal.”

He rushed forward, his neck and limbs aching as the chains dug into his skin.

Will may or may not return with human remains for him.

It was odd that was the least of his fears.

Hannibal only wished to see him again.

AU-gust Day #2: College AU - The Lecter Laid List

Will was confused and if he was honest, a little hurt.

He'd been Dr. Lecter's teaching assistant for almost a whole semester now, and after he'd heard from every single person he met about the "Lecter Laid List" there was an underlying anticipation that he'd be the next one on it.

After all, everyone knew Dr. Lecter had sex with all his TAs.

Or at least that's what they all said.

Yet every late night grading papers or helping plan lessons had only ended in "thank you" or "goodnight." Never, "let's go upstairs."

That was until the last week before Spring term was about to end.

The final test was a huge deal in Dr. Lecter's Psychology course. Most people were afraid to take his class at all despite how many students on campus had a crush on him. Will had been the only student last year to ace the test and in turn Hannibal had asked him to be his TA. He'd been excited but then flattered after he'd heard the rumors.

Now all he felt was inadequate.

What was wrong with him?

He didn't exactly have the most experience but he didn't think he was unattractive.

That night he'd been so preoccupied that he'd made so many mistakes that Hannibal finally grew impatient.

"Will, can I ask what's causing you to be so careless?"

Will blushed. "Sorry, I just...."

Hannibal put his hand over Will's across his desk. "If you're uncomfortable talking with me about your personal life I understand but I can tell it's bothering you."

He looked down at their hands. "Is there something wrong with me?"

"I'm sorry?"

Will looked up. "You just...I mean....people....I thought...."

Hannibal frowned and moved his hand away. "Are you talking about the list?"

"Um...."

"Do you not think if I was romancing that many college students it would go unnoticed? Or if a list like that was going around the university still could allow me to teach for so long?"

Will blushed. "I...."

"I've taught Psychology 101 for over ten years now, Mr. Graham. I have not once taken any of my students to bed, or even wanted to. I apologize if you took this position thinking otherwise but I merely admired your performance in my class last year nothing more."

"Oh."

"If because of this you do not wish to be my assistant next semester that's entirely...."

"You were gonna ask me again?"

That was another part of the Lecter Laid List story. Dr. Lecter never had the same assistants in a school year because he didn't want to be bothered with someone developing feelings.

Hannibal frowned and didn't meet Will's eyes as he stood. "I was considering doing so but...."

“I want to!” Will said, standing abruptly, “I just...I’m sorry. I didn’t know about the list when I said yes but people told me and I....”

Hannibal smiled at him. “That’s good to know, Will. I have enjoyed our time together and wouldn’t want to ruin our professional relationship.”

Will forced himself to smile. “I was the one who almost ruined it, not you.”

“I promise you didn’t, Will. It was merely a misunderstanding.”

The rest of the night was tense but eventually they got back in sync again. By the time they finished grading the last test it was well past two in the morning, and Will could barely keep his eyes open.

“I think perhaps we should end tonight here.”

“No, I can...”

Hannibal put his hand over Will’s on the desk. “It’s late, Will. Perhaps too late. I have several guest rooms if you’d like to stay the night.”

Will’s heart beat faster as he looked at their hands. “Um....okay.”

Many of his fantasies about his “one night” with Dr. Lecter had started out exactly this way but he wasn’t about to think tonight would end like those did. He pushed down his feelings as they straightened up the stacks of tests on the desk and as Hannibal led him out of the office he barely felt the disappointment at all.

That was until they headed toward the guest room and he saw the abnormally large bed.

“Wow.”

“I rarely have overnight guests but...I hope it’s satisfactory.”

“It’s great.”

They looked at each other for almost too long before Hannibal turned away.

“Goodnight, Will.”

Will waited until he was gone to close the door. He took off everything but his boxers and crawled under the super plush covers. The silk sheets made his skin shiver while those fantasies popped up again. He imagined Hannibal pushing him down onto the bed and taking him apart slowly. His cock ached as he slipped his hand past his waistband and started to stroke.

“Fuck,” he hissed.

Dr. Lecter was probably amazing in bed.

He'd been a surgeon before he went back to study psychology. Will knew he had to be amazing with his hands. Will closed his eyes, biting his lip, and felt his orgasm just on the edge when someone knocked on the door. He froze, taking his hand away and catching his breath.

"Come in," he croaked, hating how his cheeks felt warm.

Hannibal opened the door wearing a robe. He looked nothing like the confident man Will had begun to know for the semester. "Dr. Lecter?"

"I lied to you, Will."

Will felt his stomach twist. "What?"

"I told you I've never wanted to take any of my students to my bed. That was a lie."

He let out a long breath. "Oh, so you...."

Hannibal stepped inside the room and closed the door behind him. He walked toward the bed and stopped just short of touching the edge.

"There's been one and only one," Hannibal whispered, "I've...I find myself unable to stop thinking about him even at night and....I know this might be reckless but...."

Will's cock was so hard he could barely move. "Hannibal."

"If this begins," Hannibal whispered, reaching for Will's hand, "It will have to be completely confidential."

Will could barely breathe. "You...."

"I've wanted you since the first time you spoke in my class, Mr. Graham," Hannibal said, "And every day since....has been a slow torture that I kept giving myself because I did not want to be away from you. Will...."

Will pulled on Hannibal's hand and he fell onto the bed. Their mouths were so close he could smell the minty freshness of Hannibal's breath. "Yes, Professor," Will whispered, "Yes, oh god yes please."

Hannibal growled as he smashed their mouths together and Will's fantasy became a very, very real reality.

But would this be the worst mistake of his entire life?

He didn't know, but fuck if he was gonna stop.

AU-gust Day #3: Soulmate AU

One touch.

That's what is supposed to help you find your soulmate.

It's too bad that Will has no interest in that whatsoever.

There are people who go around to strangers, brushing their hands over skin like it's a scavenger hunt, and waiting just waiting for that one moment where that ping of "soulmate" comes through.

He's seen it happen, the ping, and witnessed recognition between soulmates a handful of times but still he has no interest in finding the other half of himself that way. The 'soulmate sorrow' is a real and concrete thing that can consume you when you obsess over the 'ping' and he'd rather just live his life.

Of course, he finds his soulmate anyway.

Though Hannibal later admits he was so very certain Will was his soulmate from the very first moment they met.

"There was this feeling," he says, pressing kisses to Will's neck, "A shock that filled me so completely that I just knew."

Will smiles. "You felt the 'ping' without touching me?"

"Ping?"

"It's….just a word I've heard people say in terms of soulmates. I still remember feeling it when you touched me that first time. I got…addicted. Despite what happened later."

Hannibal lifts his head and looks down into Will's eyes.

"Addiction to recognition kept me hoping," he whispers, "That despite you running away from me there would be a time when we knew each other so deeply there would be no going back."

Will reaches out to touch Hannibal's cheek and sees the mark on his hand that so perfectly matches the one on Hannibal's own. He still remembers the moment their marks appeared, how excited he'd felt, and the overwhelming shattering upset when he learned he was in love with a serial killer.

What a difference a few years makes.

“Addiction,” he whispers, pressing his lips to Hannibal’s mouth, “Is a powerful thing….especially when it comes to you.”

Hannibal puts his soulmarked hand on Will’s over his cheek and the warmth that spreads through them both brings tears to his eyes.

“And now, there is no going back and nowhere left to run.”

Will smiles as he shakes his head. “Where else would I run other than to you?”

AU-gust Day #4: Angels & Demons AU

Hannibal still remembers the first time he saw him.

His nightly rituals of manipulation and death were so mundane back then he mostly went through the motions, poking at the darkness in the human souls and hardly bothering to wait for the aftermath.

It was a chore to bring about chaos, but he still did what he was supposed to do.

After all, he was a demon.

He lived and breathed chaos.

That evening he'd watched a family be completely wiped out by his machinations and sent the soul of the father to dwell in hell forever while the innocents would linger for an angel to bring home.

Not that he would see that happen.

Hannibal did not care for the feeling of angels around him, like being doused in ice cold water, and the memories they brought back up from his human life were ones better off forgotten. He'd been born a demon the night he died, and his human side burnt along with his soul.

Which was why when he left the Georgtz family slaughter he was taken back by the rush of warmth that hit him.

His entire body felt alive for the first time in hundreds of years and he rushed forward only to stop just steps away from the source.

An angel stood in the road, leaning in to comfort a dog who'd been struck down by a careless driver. His glow was reds, pinks, and purples that felt as if they bore into Hannibal's very being. His smile as he extracted the dog's soul and sent the canine off to heaven made Hannibal's heart beat faster.

Who was this angel and why did he feel so very happy to be near him?

The angel looked up and the recognition in his eyes was just as strange as the terror.

This angel knew him.

One moment the angel was there and the next he was gone.

Hannibal went up to the fallen dog, hoping to feel just a slight glimpse of the angel's aura, but there was nothing.

He shook with a need he didn’t understand, but it was there digging into his very being and feeling so very strange.

Almost like he had a soul again.

There was no way that was possible.

Was it?

AU-gust Day #5: Post Apocalypse AU-The Last Alpha

Will Graham is tasked with the impossible.

There's been rumors that an alpha is being kept at Verger Ranch.

Alphas have, of course, been extinct for nearly thirty years after The Void. Year after year followed with no alphas presenting at adolescence and soon enough the already strained relations between the second genders broke.

Betas weren't alphas.

But the omegas didn't let their needs define them and they thrived, even as their ranks started to dwindle after every skirmish with the betas.

When they were told of an alpha being kept at Verger Ranch it seemed like a trap but Will volunteered. He was unmated and one of their strongest. Even if it was a trap he was sure he'd get out alive.

The minute he lays eyes on the alpha, everything changes.

Haninbal Lecter made an error.

He kept to himself for a very long time, watching the war between beta and omega with amusement. There is no need for him to take sides, even as the last alpha.

Alphas are only made to care for their mates and he has none.

When he’s taken by the betas and brought to the beta leader, Mason Verger, he expects to overtake them soon.

Days, weeks, months, and years pass.

He’s broken down, used, and abused but shows no weakness.

None of these lessers are his mate.

Even if he dies here he won’t give them the satisfaction.

The minute he lays eyes on the omega, everything changes.

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Will pants in his ear, whimpering as he fucks him, and when Hannibal bites down his whole body feels the bond.

“Fuck,” Will sighs, “That...fuck.”

“You’re welcome.”

He feels Will’s hand on the back of his head and presses a kiss to his mating bite.

“The elders are gonna kill me.”

Hannibal lifts his head. “They’ll have to get through me first. They all will.”

Will smiles at him. “You’ll fight the world for me, Alpha?”

He bares his teeth. “Yes.”

AU-gust Day #6: Hospital AU - A/B/O Special Delivery

Dr. Hannibal Lecter is the worst person in the entire world.

Will knows this for a fact.

No other doctor in the entire hospital goes out of their way to piss him off like Dr. Lecter does, leaving shit all over his office and spewing pheromones just before Will goes in to clean practically every night.

Sure he's the only omega on the cleaning crew, but he's good at his job and doesn't need this shit. Just because he's an omega doesn't mean he's gonna jump the bones of every alpha he meets.

That's what suppressants are for.

If Dr. Lecter gets in his face ONE more time he's ready to just ask for a transfer because he's courteous to everyone else. Why does he have to single out Will?

Will Graham is the loveliest omega Hannibal has ever seen.

His scent is intoxicating, a heavenly mix of wild flowers, animal fur, motor oil, and omegan musk that drills right into his alphan instincts. No one's scent has ever made his senses come so alive and Hannibal knows that they're meant to be.

So he leaves gifts for him in his office after hours, makes sure to secrete his scent of intent, and attempts to engage him in conversation.

None of that works.

Will seems to hate him, his scent full of distress every time they meet, and after months Hannibal is ready to give up his court.

Then, something amazing happens.

After a long night and many hard cases he leaves without an important file. When he returns he finds Will pressing his face into the bottom of his office chair and moaning.

“Will?”

The minute the omega turns he freezes.

“Alpha,” Will moans, rushing toward him.

Hannibal hurries to lock the door, shaking, and closes his blinds.

This is the perfect opportunity.

He can take advantage of Will’s vulnerable state, fuck him for days on end, and perhaps even bind them together as mates.

The thought of taking him by such treachery oddly leaves a bad feeling inside Hannibal so he does the next best thing. He spends the next several days pleasuring Will with everything but his knot, soothing his heat, and keeping him quite satisfied. When everything is over he’s so sure he’ll be rewarded for his chivalry.

Will wakes up on the last day, reeking of his own passionate leavings and still in a daze. The minute he sees Hannibal he punches him in the face and rushes out of his office.

Hannibal stares after him in shock.

What did he do wrong?

AU-gust Day #7: Childhood Friends AU- By the Book

Hannigram AU: By the Book

They met in the library.

Will still remembers the feeling of Hannibal's lips on his hand sometimes, the sound of his laugh, and the way he could talk for hours on the most absure references that no one else gave a shit about.

It was the best summer of Will's life and stil is even after all these years.

He doesn't know what went wrong.

One minute they were giving each other handjobs in the stacks, and the next Hannibal wouldn't even speak to him. Hannibal Lecter was his first love and his first heartbreak, and

no one matched up after that.

Which is why when he moves back to Wolf Trap he doesn't even think about him.

Hannibal is a big city doctor now, last he checked, and there's no way they'll run into each other.

They broke up in the library.

Hannibal still remembers the pain in his chest when he told Will he couldn't see him again, and how hard it was to walk away.

It was the worst fall of Hannibal's life after that, and still is even after all these years.

He never forgave himself for pulling them apart.

After that his romantic life consists of nameless faces he hardly remembers, jobs he cares little for, and deaths he revels in more than anything else.

Hannibal isn't sure why he moves back to Wolf Trap, knowing Will lives elsewhere.

His entire family is dead, and he wants to fall into the memories he has left of the only other person he truly loved.

Which is why he goes right to their section of the stacks upon his arrival, reaches around the Meat 101 by Mason Verger, and finds the last remains of the love he never forgot.

It's a note, old and quite dusty.

If I saw you everyday forever, Will. I would remember this time.

Hannibal runs his fingers over the letters, tears in his eyes, and when he hears the gasp he turns to see a ghost.

Will looks both entirely different yet exactly the same.

"You're not supposed to be here."

"Neither are you."

He stares at the paper in Hannibal's hand.

"Is it...one of mine or one of yours?"

Hannibal holds it out for him to take. "I left it for you."

Will stares at his hand as if it contains a bloodthirsty monster.

"I...."

"Even if we never see each other again, Will. This is yours."

“It’s not,” Will says, backing away, “I’m not that boy anymore and you...were never that boy at all.”

He turns and leaves Hannibal alone to wallow in his mistakes.

AU-gust Day #8: Superheroes/Superpowers AU

“You know why you’re here.”

Will fidgets but doesn’t look up. “Yes.”

“Your father is quite worried about your behavior.”

He squeezes his hands. “He needs to mind his own fucking business.”

“I will not tolerate that kind of language in my office, Mr. Graham. You know this.”

Will looks up so fast he’s happy to see the good doctor’s startled expression. He’s come to this sham of a therapy office every week for almost two months now and it’s done absolutely nothing but piss him off even more. Yeah he’s kept the reasons for his anger from Dad but snooty ass Dr. Lecter doesn’t get to know either.

If he did know, he’d report Will and then where would he be?

“I see you’re angry at me now.”

“I’m angry at everyone,” Will snaps, almost growling, “You’re not special, Doctor.”

Dr. Lecter smiles. “Good to know. Are you going to tell me why you ripped apart your bedroom today?”

Will sneers. “No.”

“Your father said it seemed as if a wild animal had gone through everything. Like something just...exploded.”

He feels the bottom drop out of his stomach.

Dr. Lecter knows.

Shit.

“I got mad, it....”

Dr. Lecter snaps and Will stares wide eyed at the flame coming out of his finger.

“You can learn to control your....anger. I have.”

Will blinks. “I....”

“Show me, Will.”

He lets out a long breath and slowly unfurls his fists. There's a quick burst and a lamp behind Dr. Lecter's desk explodes, followed by a statue, and two glass stag heads.

Will's hands are shaking when he stops and tears are in his eyes.

"Magnificent."

He stares up fast, confused. "I can't...control it and holding the power in just makes me more angry. I'm angry all the time and all I want to do is...!"

Dr. Lecter gets up from his desk and takes Will's hands in his own. His hands are warm, almost hot, and when Will's touch them he feels oddly at ease.

"This will be a place to let go," he whispers, "I don't care if you rip apart every piece of decor in this room. Show me what you can do, Will. Let me see you. The real you."

Will feels tears on his face.

"But what if The Project finds out? What if...."

Dr. Lecter shakes his head. "No one will know, I promise you. You're safe here."

Will suddenly burst into sobs, throwing his arms around Dr. Lecter, and several more vases and fancy animal statues break in succession. He feels Dr. Lecter's warmth through his shirt but doesn't let go.

"Thank you," he whispers, "Thank you."

"You're welcome."

AU-gust Day #9: Royalty AU - A/B/O -The Selection

#Hannigram A/B/O AU: The Selection (Or The Alpha King-To-Be Is Looking For His Omegas-In-Waiting But Will Graham Does Not Wish To Be One Of Them)
3:29 PM · 6/10/19 · Twitter for iPhone
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The Alpha King was coming home.

Or that's what everyone was saying.

Will had not a single care for the "Alpha King" or his infuriatingly droll backstory of pain and torment. Yes, poor Hannibal had lost his family young and was raised in secret by his relatives until he came of age. It was a sad, romantic tale of death that made every omega Will knew swoon when they heard how Hannibal was brought up at balls.

He said nothing and chewed on his annoyance, happy that if anyone was chosen for the "selection" of omegas in waiting he would not be one of them. His family was of modest means, and had no connections the King to be could use for his advantage.

When the letter comes Will is shocked, angry, and just a tiny bit flattered.

Why would King Hannibal want him?

The Selection happened before every coronation, a month of thirty chosen omegas living in the palace while the King to be finds those he deems worthy of being his omegas in waiting. Will has no want to be one of ten omega playthings the King fucks and tosses aside at his whim. He will go to the palace, act as himself, and if the King is who Will thinks him to be there's no way he'll be there longer than a few nights.

He'll show the Alpha King just what type of omega he is.

There is no way he'll want to keep him.

Except he does keep him.

Will is belligerent, disorderly, and rude but still when the Alpha King does not set him free. The number of times he asked Will to have alone time with him he refused and yet the soft smile he gave as he reads the last name makes Will realize why he's still here.

The King is keeping him out of spite.

He goes to him that night, angry as anything, and interrupts his talk with Tobias Budge.

"Your majesty," he says, gritting his teeth, "A word?"

"I'm actually quite busy now, Mr. Graham. Perhaps another time."

Will knows he could be speared straight through by the nearest guard if he yells or is anything more than cordial so he bows leaving them alone. His stubbornness seems only matched by the King's own.

He will have to try a new tactic.

Surely if the Alpha King gets the alone time he asked for he'll turn Will away at once. Will has been out in society for nearly two years now waiting for an alpha to ask to court him. No one ever has and he doubts they ever will.

The Alpha King will be no different.

Another day passes and Will gets given an envelope with the King's seal by a guard. The note inside makes his lip curl.

Dear Will,

I request your company for a meal this evening. Your refusal will only result in a continuation of your stay until I get your compliance.

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He calms himself before heading for the drawing room and ignores all the eyes of the other omegas when he stops at the King's side. "Your majesty."

Hannibal turns slowly and looks at him in a dismissive manner. "Yes?"

"I would be delighted," he lies, bowing.

"I'm quite certain that's not true," Hannibal says, making Will look up, "But I am pleased nonetheless to have a yes from your lips. I will see you tonight, Will. Please dress for dinner."

Will turns, cheeks red, and nearly runs to his room.

He will tonight do the one thing he has not since his arrival: be himself.

If the King still insists on keeping him in this farce, then there must be something very wrong with him indeed.

AU-gust Day #10: Pirate AU

Will stood on the edge of the plank, his eyes closed, and didn't show any fear in front of the men who'd forced him here.

A life of piracy had always been leading up to this, and with his crew gone he had nothing left. He ignored the thoughts of someone else, a wraith, the man he'd vowed never to go near again. Will would rather die than let his last thoughts be of him.

He took a deep breath, let his body calm, and was ready to feel the icy cold death he'd so long been promised.

But he was denied his fate by the sound of a cannonball.

Will turned, wide eyed, and stared at a vision out of his nightmares.

The Chesapeake.

He thought for a moment of jumping still, punishing *that* man for what he *did*, but the moment he saw Captain Hannibal Lecter all his thoughts of death were gone.

Hannibal stepped through the fighting that had broken out among the brigands who'd commandeered The Wolf Trap and killed his crew. His long ash blonde locks swayed in the wind and Will's heart beat faster the closer he came.

He was even more handsome than Will remembered.

The minute they were close enough to speak Will found he had no words.

"Your beauty has only blossomed since I last was fortunate enough to lay eyes on you."

They stared at each other, an arm's length apart, and Will's eyes filled with angry tears. "I'm happy to know you remember me, Captain," he spit, "You can now change the image in your head of me while you watch me plunge to my death."

Will rushed forward, only to have Hannibal pull him back roughly. His growl of anger made Will oddly nostalgic, and the tears that had threatened to fall wet his cheeks at being in Hannibal's arms.

Hannibal pulled him back onto the deck and kept his hold from behind, pressing his nose to Will's hair and breathing in the scent of him. "You stubborn fool."

"I deserve it, for what I've done."

"Will..."

“I failed them,” he said, leaning back against him, “I...I wasn’t...I’m not meant to be a captain. I’m meant...”

Hannibal turned him around and stared into Will’s eyes. “...to be a first mate. You’re meant to be at my side.”

Will shook his head. “I can’t.”

He was pulled into an embrace that made him shake with want of more.

“Not in my bed,” Hannibal whispered in his ear, “Just...by my side. I need you, Will.”

He closed his eyes. “Yes, Captain.”

The Chesapeake had been home to him for nearly five years, and it would be again. But he would not let himself fall into the temptation of letting Hannibal back into his heart.

Not now, not ever.

AU-gust Day #11: Farm/Ranch AU

“This isn’t how things are done around here, Mr. Lecter.”

Hannibal smiles, takes a sip of coffee, and leans back in his chair.

“I’m well aware, Mr. Graham. Your neighbors have all been quite reluctant to direct me someone who could help restore Chesapeake Ranch, so I am coming to you. Your name has come up as a warning to me, and I’d like to know why.”

Will sighs and pets Buster’s head when he gets up on his hind legs.

“I fix things.”

“Yes, I know. That’s why I’m here. I need someone who can help me restore Chesapeake to her former glory. If you’re refusing to help like all the others, please can you direct me to someone who will?”

He clicks his tongue and Buster sits down.

“Why did you move here, Mr. Lecter?” he asks, looking at him again, “You’re obviously… used to a different environment.”

Hannibal’s smile widens. “I’m a businessman, Will. Can I call you Will?”

“I’d prefer it if you didn’t.”

“I’m here, Will, to live my life in a different way. I’ve grown tired of the drudgery of office life, and want to embrace farm life.”

Will shakes his head, smiling. “I know bullshit when I hear it, Hannibal. Tell me why you’re here.”

Hannibal sighs. “Is it that obvious?”

“Very.”

“I’m bored, and want to see what might happen if I lower myself to live this life.”

“To dwell among the commoners?”

Hannibal puts his hands under his chin and smiles at Will. “You are anything but common, Will.”

“If that was a compliment….”

“What is it that you grow on your land?”

“Besides a few vegetables? Nothing. I have cows and chickens. I have dogs.”

“You don’t sell like the others?”

“Sometimes,” Will says, “Look Dr. Lecter….”

“Hannibal, Will. Call me Hannibal.”

“I’m a busy man. I have my own shit to tend to and I can’t….”

“I’ll give you one million dollars.”

Will blinks. “When…when do you want to start?”

Hannibal stands and comes over to Will’s side of the table. He holds out his hand. “How about now?”

AU-gust Day #12: Crime AU

Will Graham is a pickpocket.

He's damn good at slipping wallets out of the expensive Armani suited assholes in the business district and has never gotten caught. No one knows he exists.

Or at least he doesn't think so.

Will is perfectly fine with staying anonymous, and living on his own in the city is expensive. He's not being an idiot blowing through his marks' money on things he doesn't need. Money is money, and even though he's twenty one he doesn't go out getting drunk like his peers.

He prefers to snatch, withdraw, dump, and go home to his down Winston.

His routine is static, constant, and quiet.

Just how he likes it.

Hannibal Lecter fucks all that up.

The day starts out so normal Will really doesn't know how it could've been important. He changes is locations daily in the rich business area, never going to the same place twice in three months, and this time is no different.

The Heritage Bank has a blind spot less than a foot from the door and he lingers there hoping to catch a white whale.

Will never expects to get caught, especially by someone in a checkered suit that reeks of money that much, so when the man grips his wrist hard the minute he snatches Will freezes.

"Clever boy," the man purrs, eyeing him up like a piece of meat, "How many have you taken from today?"

He doesn't speak at first, and that almost seems to amuse this rich stranger more.

"I'm not going to hurt you," he says, taking a card out of his breast pocket.

Will's hand is shaking when he takes the thick card.

HANNIBAL LECTER

555-226-6425

"I merely am an employer who hires those with talent. You are quite talented, Mister...."

“Will,” he says, his voice cracking, “My name is Will.”

Hannibal smiles. “Well, *Will*. If you’re interested in work that pays more than petty cash, give me a call. I would love to have you for dinner to discuss your future.”

He lets go of Will, nods once, and is gone.

Will looks at the card.

What the hell just happened?

AU-gust Day #13: Rock Band AU

Like any good love story, this one starts out with a mistake.

Hannibal's mistake is changing the radio station in his car on the way home from a hunt, and landing on a rock station. CNBL 201.3 is not his preferred listening genre, but the voice coming through the speakers is haunting.

The song is full of darkness and death, but also a need for love that drills into his very core. He finds himself in tears when the music ends, and nearly misses the radio announcer revealing who this beautiful voice belongs to.

"That was 'This Is My Design' with 'Love Me Death.' Will Graham is an amazing singer, isn't he?"

"Dreamy too," the other announcer says.

They laugh and Hannibal pulls over to the side of the road to search for 'This Is My Design.' He feels immediate connection to the picture of Will Graham, and soon finds himself downloading more music.

Thirty six hours later he has heard all five of This is My Design's albums and found tickets for a show in three months. He spends the next months growing increasingly interested in Will, his music, and pays little attention to anything else.

There is something about this man.

He needs to find out just what that is.

Three months later he ignores the strange looks he gets standing in line with very expensive tickets for a concert where he does not belong. He's hypnotized by Will, aching with feeling at his voice, and when the last song is over doesn't want to leave but knows he must.

It's just his luck that on the long drive home Hannibal stops at the nearest gas station to fill up just in time to see a station wagon that's seen better days pull in behind him.

"I'll get the purple ones just shut the fuck up!" comes a voice, and he turns just in time to see Will Graham come out of said vehicle.

Hannibal finishes, pays, and leaves his car parked to follow him inside.

Will is standing in front of a large display of snack goods.

"Excuse me?"

He looks confused when he turns to Hannibal. "Yeah?"

"I quite enjoyed your show this evening."

The surprise in his eyes is obvious. “You....were at my show?”

“Yes,” he says, “I’ve...become quite a fan. Your voice is very beautiful and the lyrics are quite lovely.”

Will smiles. “I don’t think anyone has ever told me my songs are ‘lovely’ before. Haunting, deranged, messed up, all of those...but not lovely.”

“Then they aren’t listening to the same songs.”

The slight blush to his cheek makes Hannibal smile wider, and the eyeliner is just smudged enough around his eyes he looks like an angel of death.

“Thanks,” he says, grabbing a purple container, “I...you really made my night, Mister...”

“Hannibal,” he says, taking out his card holder and handing one to him, “Dr. Hannibal Lecter.”

Will stares at the card, then at him, and his gaze is warm.

“Thanks, Dr. Lecter. Do you...want me to sign something for you?”

“No,” Hannibal says, “Just meeting you like this is enough.”

Will blushes a bit more, laughs, and shakes his head. “Glad to be of service.”

“Goodnight, Will.”

He licks his lips. “Goodnight, Hannibal.”

Hannibal watches him pay for his food, and when he looks back at him again the gaze is more than warm.

He does not expect to see Will again, or hear from him.

Four days later it’s two thirty in the morning and he’s driving once more with a body in his trunk. His phone rings, which is a surprise, and when he answers the voice on the other end is even more of a shock.

“Hello?”

“It’s me....Will.”

Hannibal pulls over, his heart pounding wildly in his chest. “Will.”

“Shit it’s late there, isn’t it? We’re driving and I didn’t check the time.”

“No, it’s...perfectly fine. I was quite awake.”

Will scoffs. “What would someone like you be doing awake this late?”

“I was disposing of some unexpected trash.”

The laughter he gets makes Hannibal smile. “You’re sure it’s trash and not a dead body?”

He leans back in his seat and taps his hands on the steering wheel.

“The body is not going to be disposed of quite yet,” he teases the truth, “I have plans for it.”

Will laughs. “So that whole clean cut rich guy routine is just a front for you being a serial killer?”

He smiles. “Precisely. That is the disguise I wear to keep others from knowing my true self.”

“A person suit,” Will whispers, sounding less than jovial, “That would make a good song....I’m hiding in my person suit, can you see the killer inside?”

Will’s voice makes him shiver. “Yes, I think it would.”

“Well now that you’ve inspired me I should apologize for calling so late.”

“Never apologize for coming to me, Will, even if we’re strangers still. I’m always willing to listen.”

Will sighs. “This is gonna sound weird.”

“I doubt that.”

“I had a dream about you.”

“A good dream?”

“No, but not a nightmare either. I was covered in blood and you were smiling at me. I was...happy.”

Hannibal’s hands shake as he touches the dashboard.

“Are you unhappy now, Will?”

“Yes.”

“Why?”

“I don’t know, but...do you want to come to a show? It’s in Texas tomorrow night. I can have them send you a ticket or something. I’ll...I can pay for your flight and...”

“Will,” he says, smiling, “We may not know each other well but I will always want to come and hear you sing no matter the location.”

Will is quiet.

“You probably think I’m unstable or something.”

“Being unstable does not make you a bad person, Will, nor does needing someone just because.”

“This is probably the stupidest thing I’ve ever done,” Will sighs, “Trusting some stranger just because he...”

“Oftentimes we ignore our baser instincts because we feel it’s wrong or strange to follow them. We were born to trust ourselves more than anyone else. Do you feel I’m trustworthy?”

“Yes.”

“Then continue to do so, and I promise to only do what I feel is best for you from now on.”

The pause on the other end makes Hannibal worry for a moment.

“Will?”

“I sent the ticket to your email,” he whispers, voice thick with what may be tears, “I...I’ll leave the concert ticket at the box office and the backstage pass.”

“I look forward to seeing you again.”

“Thanks....for listening and for coming. I promise I’m not as weird as I seem.”

“Weirdness is not a character flaw, Will. This I promise you. It’s fine to be weird.”

Will laughs. “Goodnight, Hannibal. Try not to get arrested for your secret serial killing before tomorrow.”

“I promise I will not. Goodnight, Will.”

The minute the call ends Hannibal goes to the music on his phone and presses play. Will’s voice echoes around him and he feels more alive than he has in a very long time.

This is the sweet beginning of their love story.

The end, well, the end is something else entirely.

AU-gust Day #14: Vampire AU (A/B/O MPREG)

“You’re certain you don’t need any special donors?”

Will didn’t look up and his fangs ached. “No.”

He shivered as Dr. Lecter ran hands over his pregnant belly. “Your son is growing very well. It’s quite rare to see this much progress on synthetic blood.”

Will wanted to snarl but didn’t say a word.

Pregnant omega males weren’t rare, but pregnant omega male vampires were. He hadn’t been quite so honest in the origin of his pregnancy, or the reasons for his son’s good health. If Dr. Lecter learned about the VPD would have his child forcefully taken from him and make it so he could never have one again.

“I guess I’m lucky.”

Dr. Lecter met his eyes. “Yes, I suppose you are.”

Will watched Dr. Lecter’s eyes flash yellow, and his wolf scent that should have raised all types of fear did nothing of the sort. He knew Dr. Lecter was not a threat to him or his son.

“Is that it?”

Dr. Lecter blinked, seemingly dazed, and moved away from Will.

“Yes, I apologize. I’ve been...out of sorts lately.”

“It’s alright.”

He wrote something down on his chart and Will saw that his claws were out.

Just how out of sorts was he?

“Dr. Lecter?”

He looked up at Will with yellow eyes still. “Yes, Will?”

“If I needed a special donor....”

“The government takes special care in cases of extreme need but they would take samples of your blood to determine if you’ve been...”

Will’s hand shook as he held onto the exam table. “Oh.”

“But, if you’d like I could offer a solution.”

He shook his head, looked down again, and knew tonight he'd have to kill another innocent person or his baby would starve. "No, it's...fine."

Dr. Lecter reached for Will's chin and lifted to make him meet his eyes.

"There's no need to lie, Will. I can hear your heart beating faster already," he ran his finger across Will's skin and he shivered at the touch, "If you're not against my donation, I would gladly help your child's progress."

Will had never drank werewolf blood before, nor had many other vampires after The Blood Wars. His eyes were wide as he stared at his doctor. "You...you barely know me."

"And yet, right now I offer you something not freely given outside of war. I feel very strongly about helping you reach your final trimester and I know you do as well."

He let out a shaky breath and his fangs ached. "What's...what do you get?"

"Besides a lovely vampire biting into my neck? Absolutely nothing but your time and company."

Will shook his head. "I can't."

Dr. Lecter took Will's hand and put it to his cheek. The warmth of him made Will's whole body thrum with need and the sound of his blood flowing brought tears to Will's eyes.

"Sooner rather than later they will catch you, Will," he said, looking anguished, "Please allow me to help you."

He closed his eyes. "Dr. Lecter..."

"Please, Will. Please."

Will opened his eyes, let his fangs out, and hissed. "Why? Why are you doing this?"

Dr. Lecter got down on his knees, took Will's hands, and put both to his cheeks now.

"Because from the moment you walked into my office I knew you were my mate. I will not let my child go hungry, not if I have any means to help."

Will blinked. "Mate? How can...I'm a vampire."

"It's not entirely normal, I understand, but I know without a doubt that you are."

Will put his hands on his belly. "And this isn't your child."

Dr. Lecter put his hands over Will's and leaned in so close Will could smell his werewolf scent even stronger. He wanted to drown in the comfort of the aroma, and his fangs ached to taste him. "The baby inside you, is yours. You are my mate. I would protect you both with my life."

He looked up at Dr. Lecter. “This...doesn’t feel real.”

“It’s very real, Will. I apologize for...keeping this to myself. I did not want to cause you undo upset but when I realized you were killing and taking blood for your son, I felt I had no choice but to offer myself in exchange.”

Will licked his lips. “You would....go through the proper channels?”

“Of course.”

“How long?”

Dr. Lecter smiled. “You believe I would require a time limit?”

“Werewolves...they’re not...”

He shivered when Dr. Lecter touched his cheek. “I would drain myself dry for you. Donor registration requires no time limit, just...check ins. The VPD would wish to monitor my safety. Just as the WPD would monitor yours. I will, of course, resign my position here and become primarily your doctor only for the remainder of the pregnancy.”

Will stared at him with tears in his eyes. “I can’t let you do that.”

“You aren’t letting me do anything, Will. Finding my mate is the most glorious thing to ever happen to me. I am...overjoyed. I will be even more so if you agree to my proposal.”

His heart beat wildly in his chest. “I...”

A knock interrupted them both and he stood fast just as the door opened. A nurse stuck her head in, and eyed them with worry. “Is everything alright, Doctor? Your seven o’clock is waiting in the lobby. Are you almost finished?”

Dr. Lecter looked at Will again.

“Yes,” he said softly, barely a whisper.

The happiness in Dr. Lecter’s eyes made Will oddly happy himself.

“Yes, Nurse. I do believe we are.”

She closed the door and Hannibal’s hand shook when he touched Will’s cheek again. “Thank you, Will,” he whispered hoarsely, eyes brimming with tears, “I only hope that this...proposal will endear you to me enough for...a potential mating.”

Will’s teeth ached so much he could barely speak. “Th...ank you,” he whispered, “Doc...t...”

Dr. Lecter rolled up his sleeve and Will’s eyes flashed. “Take, Will. Please. I can see you’re in pain.”

He shook his head. “S...”

The quick cut he made had Will hissing, and the drop of blood that ran down his arm made Will groan. “Feed, Will. Please.”

Will grabbed his arm eagerly, biting down, and Hannibal moaned as he fed.

“It feels....heavenly. I....”

Werewolf blood was the most delicious Will had ever tasted. He wanted to drain him dry and yet the idea was unthinkable to him. Two more deep tastes and he pulled back to look at Dr. Lecter again.

His eyes were glowing as well, and Will could smell his desire.

He ran his finger across Will’s lip. “How do you feel?”

“Amazing. Thank you, Doc...”

“Hannibal,” he whispered, licking the blood from his finger, “I think it’s about time you called me Hannibal.”

Will felt his cheeks flush. “Thank you, Hannibal.”

“Now,” Hannibal said, staring at the wound Will had left, “I will do first aid on myself before my next appointment and...call you tomorrow.”

He blinked. “First aid? Don’t werewolves heal instantly like vampires?”

Hannibal smiled. “They do if they want to, yes,” he said, pulling out a bandage, “But I wish to keep this reminder of our first...time.”

Will touched licked the remains of blood from his fangs. “Oh.”

“Thank you for this, Will,” Hannibal said, wrapping his bite, “I...I am very happy.”

He felt oddly bereft when Hannibal moved to leave the exam room and raced to block his way. “Wait.”

“What is it? You can calm yourself here when I depart. I will give my next examination in the other room so there’s no need to...”

Will reached out to touch his cheek, leaning in. “I...can I?”

“Whatever you desire the answer is yes.”

Will pressed his mouth to Hannibal’s and they both shivered at the touch. He felt fangs that rivaled his own and wanted to feel them in his skin. The growl that Hannibal gave made his cock twitch, and slick began to drip down his backside. They pulled apart, gasping, and stared into each other’s glowing eyes.

“Goodnight, Hannibal.”

“Goodnight, Will.”

He left Will alone to contemplate what just happened.

An alpha werewolf mate who is also his doctor.

Will smiled as he touched his belly, despite the worry that bloomed in his chest.

This would be a hard road, he knew, but it felt so good right now he couldn’t seem to care.

“Alpha,” he whispered, licking his fangs again.

Tonight he would go home for the first time in months and not worry about where his next blood would come from.

And tomorrow, he’d get to taste Hannibal again.

His cock twitched at the very idea.

“Mmm....” he sighed, smiling as he started to dress, “Mate.”

Will dressed quickly and bypassed the other examination room. He could hear Hannibal speaking as he moved by, and the sound of his heart beating.

“...and you’ll be just fine.”

He smiled as he went out to the lobby, and walked up to the window.

“Have a good exam, Mr. Graham?”

Will smiled. “It was...perfect.”

AU-gust Day #15: Role Reversal AU

“Tell me, Hannibal....how did it make you feel?”

Hannibal stared down at his hands, covered in blood not hours before. He still remembered how good it felt to take Hobbs’s life with his own hands and yet the very thought that he enjoyed himself made him ill.

“My parents,” he said, hands shaking, “Were murdered in cold blood in front of me.”

“Yes, we’ve talked about this. I know. But how did...”

Hannibal looks up at Will, no *Dr. Graham* with his frown and fancy suit, and feels like if he tells the truth he’ll admit to being a monster.

“I shouldn’t revel in death.”

Will shakes his head. “You’re not answering my question.”

“Powerful,” he says, his voice breaking as he snarls, “I felt powerful.”

Will smiles. “That’s not a bad thing, despite what you think. He was a bad man and you saved Abigail’s life.”

“And yet forever she’ll see me as the monster who killed her father.”

“But...at least she’ll *see* you. That’s not nothing.”

Hannibal feels a tear fall down his face as he stares at his hands. “No, it’s not.”

“Is that something you think you’re lacking? Being seen?”

“Yes.”

“And if you *are* seen? What would that change for you?”

He looks up at Will again. Will, not Dr. Graham. Will wants to help him, and he trusts that he will. The hunger inside him is hard to manage, digging up and making him choke at times it wants to get out so very badly.

“It would change everything, Will,” he says, smiling, “It would change everything.”

AU-gust Day #16: Treasure Hunters AU

Hannigram AU: The Devil's Teeth

The box came without a return address but when Will opened it he smiled at the statue inside.

Hannibal was always so thoughtful with what he stole, though this one would get Will in trouble if he showed it off. The recent found hoard of Roman artifacts had been publicized all over the world and the licking dog was the picture at the top of every single article. He ran his hand over the bronze, his chest hurting, and looked for a note.

I've missed you. I know you've missed me. You know where to find me.

H

They hadn't seen each other in over four years, not after he left Will to take the blame for the Devil's Teeth heist in Mexico City. He'd served only a few months when an anonymous tip lead authorities to a petty thief named Matthew Brown who had more than enough evidence on him to prove Will's innocence.

Will hadn't forgiven him then, couldn't, and now years later he remembered what it felt like to be near him. Treasure hunting hadn't been the same, and really neither had he.

Was he ready to trust in him again?

He didn't know, but booked the ticket to Mexico City still.

There was no way he'd let Hannibal Lecter honey talk him into being so naive again, and if things didn't work out he'd at least have some really great sex.

AU-gust Day #17: Firefighter(s) AU

The first time Hannibal Lecter saw Will Graham he was holding a kitten in one hand and smiling so brightly he was almost certain the man could not be real.

No one was that beautiful.

He watched the fireman walk back to his truck number 212, beep the horn twice, and drive away.

The very next morning Hannibal's kitchen caught on fire during breakfast. He took much care in making the fire look accidental, and waited as the spoke spread enough to trigger the alarm.

His disappointment at the beautiful fireman he'd seen just the evening before not being one of the two that came to his door was palpable. It was not quite so simple to get the fireman you wanted to show up to your home.

Hannibal then decided to bake some cookies for the department as a way to see his beautiful fireman. They would be grateful he was sure, and invite him inside. The kitten savior would surely be among them.

He spent the next several hours baking three different varieties of cookie and took the time to make the presentation perfect. The drive to the station was not more than a few miles, and when he came up to the open garage he was greeted warmly.

"Hello there," a man whose tag read Price purred, "Can I help you?"

Hannibal smiled. "Yes I was coming to show my appreciation to the firemen for helping with my mishap early today with cookies."

Price smiled and held out his hands. "Ohhh, I'll take that to the boys. Thank you."

He paused but handed over his box. "I would like to thank them personally if I..."

"Oh sure, c'mon in."

The fireman led him through the station to a backroom where ten man sat watching television. "Hey fellas look who brought cookies!"

Two of them he recognized from his own fire, and he thanked them personally while his eyes looked around the room for the kitten rescuer. He was not among them. Hannibal felt another annoyance at missing him but left his box of cookies before departing.

For the next two months he tried to meet his kitten rescuer by joining every fire department related event there was. He was a contributor to at least four bake sales, organized a dance,

and single handedly raised four thousand dollars (most if it from his own pocket) carrying the boot for donations.

Still he didn't see his fireman once.

Perhaps the man had been from another station, but he distinctly remembered the 212 truck which was always in the parking lot of his local department.

Hannibal resigned himself to never meeting this beautiful fireman, and drove home from the Bake Your Boots Off event nearly twenty miles from his home feeling as if he'd wasted time better spent elsewhere.

Like murder.

He hadn't killed anyone in all this time, and his anger at not finding his mystery fireman made him crave the hunt.

The drive home he thought of killing, his hands aching to crush someone's windpipe, and just as he got halfway he saw a truck pulled over by the side with a man fixing his tire. This would be a perfect place to catch someone with not many homes around.

Hannibal pulled over in front of the truck, got out of his car, and pulled the scalpel from his glove compartment. The feel of the blade in his hands felt like coming home, and when he got out of the car he was ready to stab. He stalked toward the truck and knew it would only be seconds before this motorist would fall

He saw the man sigh, run a hand through his brown locks, and turn just in time to surprise him.

It was his kitten rescuer.

Hannibal blinked.

"Thanks but I got it," the kitten rescuer said, smiling, "This truck is a piece of junk and the tires are shot but I know what I'm doing."

"Are you certain? I could call AAA?"

The smile he got in return made his heart beat faster.

"Thanks but it's alright. You can just..."

"It's no trouble, really. I rarely need to use them and someone may as well."

The fireman laughed. "Well, if you're sure..."

"Very sure."

Hannibal put in the call, eyeing up his kitten rescuer the whole time, and when he was finished he smiled.

“They’re on their way.”

“Thanks I....”

He held out his hand. “Hannibal Lecter.”

The kitten rescuer took his hand and the grip he displayed was strong as they shook. “Will Graham.”

“It’s very nice to meet you, Will.”

Will pushed his glasses up on his nose and looked away slightly. “You too, I mean...”

He blushed. “Thank you.”

“I really did have it,” Will mumbled, leaning against the car, “I can usually do this shit in my sleep.”

“Perhaps you did not have enough last night.”

Will nodded. “Yeah, probably.”

They stood against the car in silence until Hannibal spoke again.

“If you don’t mind, I would be more than happy to drive you home.”

Will looked at him in surprise. “How do I know you’re not some crazed serial killer?”

Hannibal smiled. “You don’t.”

Will laughed. “Well then, I’ll make sure to hold the pen in my pocket really hard the whole ride home.”

“Better safe than sorry.”

They shared another look. “You look familiar,” Will said, looking at him with his head tilted to the side.

“Do I? I don’t believe we’ve ever met before.”

“Huh. I guess I’m wrong,” he said, looking out at the street again.

Hannibal watched the moonlight illuminate Will’s beautiful face.

“You must be,” he said softly, “I’m certain if I ever met you before now I’d remember.”

Will blushed.

If this moment was what the last few months of torture had been for then it was all worth it.

And he’d been wrong.

Someone could be that beautiful.

In fact, Will was even more exquisite up close.

AU-gust Day #18: Bodyguard AU

The first death threats comes after publication of "It's Fine to Be Weird," Hannibal's first book. He's told how he's "going to hell", "promoting same sex love and corrupting children," and finally that he is "a demon."

Hannibal thinks very little of the threats, mostly because he can protect himself, and his fame rises from the book's popularity. He does book signings, some talk shows, and is given an advance for his next book.

"God Kills," his second book, talks of God's love of chaos and death. It tells people not to worry about the bad things they wish to do because God wants much worse. His death threats rise after this book, often into the thousands, and he receives his first bomb threat.

That is why he is told to hire a bodyguard by his publisher.

By Design Security is a small independent company that he finds very little about but is drawn to nonetheless. They cater to high profile clientele only and have very limited protective guards. He speaks to the woman on the other end of the phone named Beverly and offers to pay double their fee if he can get a guard that very evening.

Will Graham knocks on his door two hours later.

Will is not what Hannibal would picture in a guard. He seems fit and healthy but not very strong nor intimidating. He only gives one word answers to his inquiries and settles in a chair by Hannibal's front door.

"You will be staying all night?"

"Yes."

"When do you expect to sleep?"

"When my shift ends tomorrow morning."

"I see. I wasn't expecting you to stay the entire night."

Will glares at him. "What exactly is it that you thought a guard would do?"

"I thought that you would come to events or places the public would have access."

"They've sent threats to your house, Dr. Lecter. I think they know where you live."

And that is that.

The very next morning another guard arrives, the very same Beverly Hannibal spoke to the day before. She is much more personable and goes through security systems with him. He makes them lunch and gets to know her very quickly.

“You are much friendlier than the man who was here last night.”

Beverly smiles. “Yeah, Will is...he’s not really good at social stuff. He’s great at his job, I mean the last guy who he was given didn’t like him either. Will’s an acquired taste.”

“I suppose one can learn to enjoy the taste of bitter things if they had to.”

Beverly laughs. “Oh god I’m gonna tell him you said that.”

“Feel free.”

Will returns that very evening and is even less talkative. Hannibal offers to make him dinner but he shakes his head just following from room to room.

This changing of guards goes on for nearly two months without incident. Hannibal begins to talk to his publisher while in the midst of writing his third novel. The guard seems unnecessary and he’d much rather not have to continue.

They still insist and two days before the end of the second month their fears become reality.

A man breaks into Hannibal’s house after disabling the alarm system. He’s woken in the night to sounds of a scuffle and opens his door just in time to hear Will yell.

“GET BACK INSIDE AND CALL THE POLICE!”

Hannibal doesn’t close the door, merely watches, and is enthralled as he watches Will’s ferocious handling of the intruder. He’s breathless as he sees Will take a knife from the man’s hand and stab it into his lower belly several tunes. The grunt of effort as he knocks the man down makes Hannibal’s cock twitch.

Will stops, panting, and looks at him again.

“I told you to go back inside.”

“I was...frightened,” Hannibal lies, already half in love.

Will sighs. “Fuck, we...we try not to kill suspects. It looks bad for the company.”

“He was going to hurt you and I if given the chance.”

“I know, but...”

Hannibal comes down the hall and stops halfway. “Thank you for saving my life.”

Will looks at him, really looks, and Hannibal suddenly realizes why he was so antisocial. He’s rejuvenated by this encounter, practically glowing, and Hannibal knows that fighting for the lives of others has been his crutch to keep from his true nature.

“You’re welcome,” he says, taking out his phone, “I’m gonna go call.”

Hannibal watches him go and then looks at the body.

The man is unfamiliar but the wounds are not. He wonders what Will would have done without the weapon. Used his hands? Would he have tried to knock the man unconscious or would he have broken his neck?

Hannibal is unsure but the very idea makes his body ache.

He heads back down the hall and looks at the book he'd started to make notes on. A look at the human nature's fear of itself.

It's not enough.

Hannibal picks up another notebook and begins to write.

Learning to Love The Dark Places Inside You

He smiles.

He has no intention of getting rid of his bodyguard now. In fact, he just might keep him.

AU-gust Day #19: 19th Century AU

The first time Count Hannibal Lecter sees Will Graham he's tossing a drink into Lord Chilton's face.

Several gasps about the ballroom seem to echo as the indignant glare that follows from him only makes Hannibal more enthralled. Frederick has needed a dressing down for years and yet no one had the fearlessness to do what the beautiful blue eyed stranger just did.

He leans over and whispers to Lady Komeda. "Who was that man?"

"Will Graham," she says, sipping her wine slowly, "I do believe he's a school teacher of some sort."

Hannibal smiles.

A teacher.

Frederick must be spitting mad at the indecency of someone so below his position besting him.

How delightful.

The second time he sees Will Graham is in his classroom at Baltimore University. Will is teaching Behavioral Science, lost in the talk of murderers and mayhem. Hannibal finds himself growing ever more fascinated by him and when class is finished he waits.

Will cleans up his papers and gently slides them into a satchel before he turns.

"I'm sorry, sir, but class is dismissed."

"Yes, I know. I was watching you speak just now. The school allowed me carte blanche as I gave a large donation so I chose to come here. You're quite the speaker, Mr. Graham."

Will's calm demeanor changes when he mentions money, but it takes only a second for him to seem pleased again. "Thank you, Mister...."

"Count," Hannibal says, standing and coming down the stairs to meet him, "Count Hannibal Lecter."

He stares at Hannibal's hand. "Mr. Lecter," he says, "I'm not certain why you're here but I have other obligations. If you'll excuse me."

Hannibal doesn't move. "I'm here because seeing you shove a drink into Lord Chilton's face was quite satisfying to me several nights ago. I've done nothing but think of you since."

Will blinks. "That was...out of anger."

“Everyone in that ballroom wished they were you, Mr. Graham. No one cared why.”

“And yet here you are blocking my path.”

Hannibal takes Will’s hand and brings it to his lips. He looks up at him through his lashes. “I am here to extend an offer.”

“Sir....”

“Would you accompany me to dinner this evening?”

Will takes his hand away and shakes his head. “No, I’m sorry. Thank you for coming.”

He watches, in shock, as Will nearly runs up the stairs and out the door.

The rejection does not deter his mission. Not one bit.

The third time he sees Will Graham is in the woods, covered in blood, and staring at him with wide eyes.

“I can explain.”

Hannibal smiles. “Please do so.”

The body at his feet is that of Frederick Chilton, who Hannibal himself has resisted killing for years. Chilton may not be well liked but his name has power, and Will Graham has none.

“He...he sent me a message several nights ago apologizing for his behavior at the ball and inviting me to dinner. I thought he was a pompous, pretentious fop but knew if I rejected his invite he’d ruin any chances I had at a job or even a life.”

“Yet you rejected me several days ago without a problem and I hold a much higher title than Frederick does...or did, I suppose.”

Will looks at him with confusion. “Sir, do you not see the dead body at my feet?”

“Oh I do, Mr. Graham. I see him quite well. You’re lucky I was out here to be the first to see.”

The confusion gives way to suspicion. “Why are you here, Mr. Lecter?”

“Count,” Hannibal reminds him, “I have never been a mister.”

“You’re avoiding my question, Count.”

He smiles again. “I was out for a walk, Will. My own property is right besides Frederick’s, if you may know.”

“It’s rather late for a walk.”

“I like to walk late.”

“Your skill at avoidance is both fascinating and frustrating, Count.”

Hannibal walks over to Frederick, looks at him closely, and then at Will. “You were quite savage in your anger.”

“He angered me.”

“What did he do to anger you so?”

Will stalks up to him, his lip curling, and they’re so close Hannibal can feel Will’s breath go across his lips. “Underestimated me.”

He reaches out to touch Will’s cheek but Will moves away before he can.

“You are the most fascinating, gorgeous creature I have ever laid eyes on.”

Will steps back further, fixes his blood smudged glasses, and seems confused.

“I need you to tell me why you have not attacked or blackmailed me.”

“Because I want to help you, Will. May I call you, Will?”

He thinks for a moment before he answers. “No.”

“Will,” he purrs, bending down to look at Frederick again, “I have much experience in disposing of unwanted....game....from a hunt. Many times over.”

Will is silent so he takes that as reason to continue.

“And despite what you may think I hold no love for the glamorous rich despite being one of them. You did me a boon, Will. I want to help you.”

“No one helps someone so beneath them without want of something.”

Hannibal looks up with a smile.

“Of course not,” he says, standing and brushing off his trousers, “I will in return request your presence in my home once a week for dinner for the next year.”

Will scoffs. “You honestly think you can....”

Hannibal comes over again and stops to look him up and down.

“Between the two of us, Mr. Graham....who do you think the authorities will believe about what happened here this evening? And of us two, who is the most skilled at a hunt in the dark of night?”

Will glares at him. “Are you threatening my death if I do not allow you to court me?”

“I said nothing of the sort, Will.”

“I dislike you very much, Count. I think I may dislike you more than I did Lord Chilton.”

Hannibal smiles. “And yet, I still live.”

Will looks at Frederick’s corpse, and then at him. “Very well,” he says, not meeting his eyes, “I will take you up on your offer.”

“You trust I will not add you to the pile?”

He smirks. “If you wanted me dead, Count, I would be already.”

Hannibal takes his handkerchief out and wipes a smear of blood from Will’s cheek. “I would be a fool to want to extinguish such beauty.”

Will blushes and pushes him away. “Come then, Count. Show me what I’ve given up my nights for.”

“With pleasure.”

AU-gust Day #20: Single Parent(s) AU

Being a single father was not Will's plan.

He'd never wanted to be a father at all, to be honest, and the idea of carrying a human being inside him seemed so horrifying he could hardly imagine going through the ordeal.

Then he'd been a stupid twenty four year old and fallen in love with and gotten pregnant by an alpha named Matthew Brown. Matt, it turned out, was a serial killer.

Six years later he still remembered the way it felt to push the knife into Matt's neck and how his eyes glazed over as life left him. He still remembered the power in killing him, and the pain. Will had given birth not four months later to a baby girl named Abigail, and he dedicated his life to her.

Which was why his friend Bev, a beta, pushed him into joining the Single Fathers Anonymous group.

"You need to get back out there," she pressed, "Just...find someone to connect to."

Will still had anxiety just being around alphas, the scent of them making him nauseous, and he hadn't been on a date with anyone since that night he watched Matt bleed out on the floor. He didn't need anyone, an artificial knot and his own hand were enough, but maybe he could find another omega to have coffee with sometimes.

Now, as he stood outside room 213 at the Wolf Trap Recreational Center, he tried to calm the anxiety that rose just thinking about walking inside.

"It's okay," he whispered to himself, letting out a long breath.

He pushed the door open and stepped inside only to pause.

There were around twenty chairs in a large circle in the middle of the room.

Every single person sitting in the seats was an alpha.

Will wanted to run.

His mind went back to Matt, to the hands on his neck, and the pain. He bit his lip, shaking, and was just about to flee when someone walked in behind him.

The alphan scent was overpowering, almost cloying at his senses, and yet Will clung to it like a lifeline. He smelled so good that Will whimpered before he turned. The new alpha was well dressed, middle aged, handsome, and when he stepped closer every omegan part of Will wanted to purr.

"Are you alright? You smell quite distressed."

Will shook his head. “I didn’t...I wasn’t prepared for this many alphas.”

The alpha looked at the other men in the group, and then at Will. “I see. You have...an aversion to alphas?”

“Yeah, a little.”

“And yet you’re moving closer to me even as we speak.”

Will paused, realizing that was completely true, and moved to step back but the alpha took his hand. “I was not asking you to stop,” he said softly, “I was merely observing. I’m a psychiatrist, it’s quite hard to turn off my inherent interest in human behavior.”

“I...I should probably go.”

“I could sit close to you, if that would help. It seems you’re not afraid of my scent and if you’d like to stay...”

He looked at the alpha, who seemed genuinely concerned and without motive.

“Yeah, I’d like that.”

They moved inside closely, seeming a pair, and yet all eyes were on Will.

He sat down and the alpha moved a seat closer to him before he held out his hand.

“Dr. Hannibal Lecter.”

Will took the offered hand and shivered at the touch. “Will Graham.”

“It’s very nice to meet you, Will. I hope this meeting will give you everything you hoped it would.”

He felt his body react to the alpha’s voice, and wiggled a bit in his seat.

What was it about this alpha?

“I...I hope so too.”

AU-gust Day #21: Professional Rivals AU

Hannibal's father dies on a Thursday.

The funeral is elaborate, his mother's idea, and his sister cries in his arms while he watches the head of his family be lowered into the ground. Four days later he's named CEO of Lecter, Inc.

Lecter, Inc. is a multi-million dollar company that specializes in acquisition. They own many different types of areas of expertise: software, food preparation, electronics, and fashion. Every one of those areas became a part of the company by taking over other smaller companies. Hannibal is good at sabotage, lives for it, and when he finds a new company he's interested in that's unlike the others the board of directors is wary.

Bark & Meow is a pet supply chain that is up and coming but only has six locations nationwide. They sell food, toys, bedding, clothes, and even medications for cats and dogs alike. The low cost, warm atmosphere, and high revenue gets Hannibal's attention immediately.

Hannibal wants this company, come hell or high water, and when he requests a meeting with its founder, Will Graham, his anger at being ignored makes him lash out harshly. He plants fake stories about Bark & Meow using poisonous chemicals, employees being mistreated, and even worse the that the CEO himself is abusive to his pets.

As Bark & Meow's status in the pet industry starts to fall Hannibal moves on to another project. He knows that sooner or later Will Graham will come to him, and he cannot wait.

Except he does not.

Will sticks his heels in, defends himself and says that all the stories are fabricated lies from Lecter, Inc. No one believes him and in fourteen months Bark & Meow's locations go down to exactly one. Hannibal sees an article about the last location, and the company's demise in the newspaper one evening as he's scrolling on his tablet. He stares at Will Graham's sad face and feels oddly bad for him.

Then he moves on.

His sister graduates high school with honors, his mother remarries, and he acquires several new companies in the next five years. He does not keep an eye on Will Graham, or think of him.

He should have.

Almost five years to the day Bark & Meow closes its doors he gets word that two of his biggest acquisitions have been stolen right out from under him. Someone is buying shares of his sub companies, one by one, and it seems they've been doing it for a long time.

The board of directors is in a panic, and over the next two months there is close to a majority of his company bought as well.

Hannibal finds the name of the shell company who bought the shares and smiles.

Bark & Meow

He looks up the name and finds that Will Graham has been busy rebuilding the company's reputation overseas. The company that once had six locations in the United States has over three hundred on the other side of the world, and has even gotten into things like fashion and electronics. Hannibal realizes that he needs to meet with Mr. Graham, and it needs to be now.

Except when he calls he's rebuffed.

Again.

So he flies to the headquarters in London, and introduces himself to the front desk only to be turned away again.

"Do you know who I am?"

"Sir, I apologize but..."

"Abigail, it's fine."

Hannibal turns and blinks at the sight of Will Graham standing not six feet away from him. He looks very different than Hannibal remembers, clean cut in a very expensive suit and stone faced despite the smile. The Will he remembers from the articles wore a flannel shirt, ripped jeans, and a frown.

"Mr. Graham."

Will smiles. "I take it you finally noticed us again. All that time sabotaging and you didn't even try to take me under when I was on the floor gasping for air."

He looks away, straightening his tie. "I thought the company wasn't worth the trouble by then."

"I'm sure you think differently now, Mr. Lecter. Don't you?"

Hannibal looks at Will. "I do."

"I think it's about time we had that meeting."

He nods once.

"Yes, I do believe it is."

AU-gust Day #22: Futuristic AU

It happens every few weeks.

Hannibal Lecter, notorious cannibal, escapes custody and goes out on a spree. He kills at least three each time, and when the bounty set for him is high enough the bounty hunters bring him in without fuss.

Will Graham, intake officer and handler of dangerous criminals, is there every time.

Hannibal always greets him with a blood stained smile.

“Hello, Will.”

This time had been four days, pretty small amount of time, and yet fast enough for more to be dead. Lieutenant Crawford, head of the Behavioral Sciences Department, came to the intake office to beg Will for his help but he refused.

He won’t get involved in things that make his head hurt like that again.

Yes he’s mind sensitive, but he’s also very human.

Humans can only take so much.

Hannibal has just about gotten Will to his threshold.

The intake office, located just on the edge of nowhere, has a system for every criminal that comes in. The mind sensitive officer has to put them into a mind palace of sorts that lets them view the criminals actions and record them. Will prefers this method over the Behavioral Sciences Department. Mind melds are painful, frightening, and still gives him nightmares. The mind palace is a safe space.

Of course, not when Hannibal goes inside.

Hannibal loves to be in the mind palace with Will.

He’s gotten accustomed to how the system works, and often abuses the system to try and get in Will’s head. It’s oddly flattering how many times he’s escaped to try this, just to be close to Will, and sometimes Will even enjoys the time they have together.

Even watching the murders.

When Nigel brings him in this time it’s the seventeenth. Will knows that one more and Hannibal will be executed. He should have by rights already but Will may have altered his report a few times.

Seven, but who’s counting?

They go under this time and Will greets Hannibal's mind avatar with a smile.

"Have fun?"

"Always," he says, stretching out on a chaise that he conjured himself, "I do enjoy time outside."

"How many this time?"

"You will just have to wait and see."

Will puts up his view and waits, only to see...nothing.

Hannibal is walking around, buying things, stealing petty cash, and just enjoying his time. He eats very rare steak just before Nigel finds him, and when Will turns to look he's smiling.

"I wanted to surprise you."

"What...why?"

He gets up off the chaise and comes to kneel at Will's side. Will stares down at him, shocked, and his hands shake as he digs them into his avatar.

"I wanted to see you. It's been..."

"Four months."

"Yes," Hannibal says, reaching for his face, "Four long months. Have you thought of me while you sat here, altering reports and waiting for more criminals?"

"I didn't..."

"Eight deaths, Will. You erased those people. Why?"

"I didn't..."

Hannibal leans in close now, and Will shuts off the mind palace. The system connects to a series of wires and Hannibal lays on a soft bed while Will his chair. He gets up, walks to the bed, and takes off the wires. Hannibal awakens immediately.

"You did," he says, smiling, "The first time it happened I was...surprised. The second, amused, and all the others...left me with joy. The last, that poor young man with the unfortunate penchant for hurting animals...I realized you wanted me to hurt those people. You enjoyed knowing I did."

"No, I...."

Hannibal runs fingers over Will's lips. "You did," he says, "And now, if you'll permit me, I'd like to show you something I know you've been longing to see."

Will lets out a long breath.

“What?”

“This.”

He kisses him, hard, and Will moans as he pulls him in closer. The immediate shock that Hannibal is mind sensitive makes Will shiver, and when their minds touch he has tears in his eyes.

Yes, he’s been longing for this.

Needing it.

When they pull apart he can feel Hannibal’s mind tickling his own.

“It feels...”

“...right.”

Will nods and Hannibal touches his cheek.

“Will you come with me this time, Will?”

He doesn’t hesitate. “Yes.”

AU-gust Day #23: Arranged Marriage AU

Will Graham met Hannibal Lecter in a hot day in late August, just two days after his own engagement ball. His parents, both not exactly poor but also not very wealthy, were overjoyed at his arranged marriage to Lord Chilton, an alpha of some means.

Will hated his guts, and yet did as he was told. He bowed to the right people, played nice, and overall kept his own reservations in check. He was an omega, not an alpha, and had no means to say no to such an esteemed alpha asking for his hand.

The minute he came face to face with Count Hannibal Lecter at the Du Maurier ball he wished he had.

His omegan instincts nearly doubled over at the scent of him, so strong an alpha he was, and when Will moved to bow he stopped him.

“I am not a god, Mr. Graham,” he said, taking Will’s hand and bring it to his lips, “I need no one bowing to me, least of all an omega of your beauty. I should be bowing to you.”

Will’s cheeks flushed, and he was overcome with dread.

He wanted this alpha, almost too much, and yet he was promised to Lord Chilton.

A man who had just two days prior told Will not to slump too low in the presence of other alphas because it would ‘make him look as if he wanted their bites.’

Right now, all he wanted was Count Lecter’s teeth in his neck.

“Excuse me.”

Will took off away from the ball, given by Captain Crawford who was one of the other rare alphas Will thought treated omegas with respect, and stood outside on the balcony.

The air was empty of pheromones and alpha stink here. He did not wish to return to the mess inside, nor did he want to be near his soon to be husband.

“Mr. Graham, are you well?”

He turned, frozen, as Count Lecter came through the balcony doors.

“Sir, it’s improper for you and I to be...”

The Count moved closer still, and soon Will could not hold in his whimper. He reached out to touch Will’s cheek. “I am quite the improper gentleman, Will. I apologize. I saw your hasty exit and worried for you.”

Will blushed but made no move to be away from him. “I...I needed to be alone.”

“Did you?”

“Sir...”

“Hannibal,” he purred, caressing Will’s cheek, “Please call me Hannibal.”

Will licked his lips. “Hannibal, I think we should not be alone together. My...instincts...”

“I can smell you,” Hannibal said, wrapping one arm around Will’s waist and pulling him in, “I can smell you and you smell...heavenly. I’ve never smelled anything like it.”

“Hannibal...”

“Chilton is not worthy of you,” Hannibal growled, leaning in to sniff his neck, “No one is.”

His hands came down Will’s back and went beneath his trousers. Will gasped.

“Oh, Hannibal....”

“I want to worship you,” he purred, kissing Will’s neck, “I want to hear you scream my name.”

“Please,” Will whined, “I...I’m to be married.”

Hannibal teased his teeth to Will’s gland. “Yes,” he whispered, “You are.”

“My parents...”

He shoved his hand down further and pressed at Will’s wet waiting hole. Will keened as Hannibal covered his mouth, fingering and watching him fall apart.

“Come for me, Will. Let me see you fall apart.”

Will leaned in to every press of his fingers, shuddering, and soon moved his hand away just as he felt his own impending orgasm. He shoved his face into the alpha’s neck, moaning, and Hannibal’s breath made his body aflame.

“Don’t...stop...” he whimpered, “Oh please, don’t.”

Hannibal sped up, tearing at his trousers, and pulled out Will’s cock. He stroked him, still fingering, and when Will came he pressed kisses to his neck.

“Perfect, just perfect.”

They pulled apart just enough to look at each other once more.

The alpha’s face was as flushed as Will’s, and he smelled of nothing but arousal. “I want you to knot me,” Will said, hardly able to catch his breath, “I want...I want you. Oh hell, I want you.”

Hannibal pressed a kiss to Will's cheek. "Meet me in the wine cellar in five minutes time. I will give you what you want."

"People will see me," Will said, shaking his head, "They'll...."

"No one will see you if you rush out now. If Frederick asks you later, you were ill. I promise, Will. No one will see you."

He pressed a kiss to Will's mouth so soft that it's not nearly enough, and when they part Will's every instinct pines for him.

Will has never been such so overcome by his instincts before now, not in all his life. What makes Count Lecter different he does not know, but he knows he must have more of him. He rushes from the balcony, ignoring anyone who passes, and finds the stairs to the cellar so fast he's certain fate wants this for them both.

Hannibal is not yet inside but Will undoes his trousers, leans against the wine, and waits.

His parents would call him wanton and disown him if they knew.

They knew he was not chaste or a virgin before his arranged marriage to Frederick but they did not think him without thought for his own sexual pleasures. Not like this. He'd never had an alpha knot before now, and yet he knew Hannibal's should be the first.

His slick backside become almost too wet as he waited, and the minute the cellar door opened he shivered in anticipation. Hannibal's scent filled his nose as the alpha came near.

"You are a vision."

"Please," he sighed, "I just..."

Will was not even given a moment before Count Lecter came up behind him. He pressed two fingers in Will's hole and he cried out.

"Have you been touched?"

"Not by a knot," Will panted, "Not...by any knot."

Hannibal squeezed his backside with both hands. "Good."

Will was not given much preamble before he felt the alpha press his cock against his hole. He teased him, kissing Will's neck, and did not push in.

"Please," he whispered, "I need..."

"Shh...."

Will felt Hannibal's fingers again and clung to them, pressing back on each thrust, and soon he was hardly able to stand upright. Hannibal bit around his neck but didn't break skin and whispered words of praise.

“So eager,” he whispered, “So good for me.”

“Please,” Will begged, “Please I...”

The first thrust was slow, methodical, and before Will could protest for more Hannibal pressed all the way to the hilt. He would’ve nearly cried out if not for the alpha’s mouth on his, teasing his tongue, and soon the slow methodical became a frenzy.

They fucked for what felt like hours, hard and perfect hits to his inner pleasure that had Will barely able to stand if not for Hannibal’s hand. He moved back into each thrust, desperate for more, and when he spilled against the wine Hannibal bit his tongue in praise.

Will’s body was so worn and he almost fell if not for Hannibal’s strength as he continued his onslaught of desire. He wanted Will, and took him over and over again till he was delirious with pleasure. Will never wanted another cock inside him, not after this, and when Hannibal’s knot filled he sobbed with happiness.

This was his alpha.

He knew it to be true.

He felt Hannibal collapse against him, kissing his neck, and his whisper was hoarse.

“You’re mine, Will. No one else’s. Do you hear me?”

“Yes,” he gasped, turning his head, “I do. But...”

Hannibal shook his head. “Need not worry for that. I will take care of everything.”

They sat there for twenty minutes, scenting and nuzzling both, and when the knot went down they parted. Will would’ve cleaned himself but felt no need. This would no doubt be the first and last time.

Their clothes they fixed until they seemed presentable, though Will knew they both smelled so strongly of each other it would be impossible not to be found out.

“You can use the cellar door first,” Hannibal said, taking his hand, “It goes out to the road behind the house.”

“I...”

“Go.”

Will did as he was told, hating to leave, and went out into the night. He found his coach, got inside, and his driver took off without a word. Will’s parents were still not home when he arrived, thankfully, and he filled the tub with warm water to wash away his sins of desire.

He cried for his future, the lack of love, and for the night he’d never have again.

When it was over he got into bed, covered himself, and thought of Hannibal.

The Count was unknown to him until this evening, still was really, and yet he felt as if they'd known each other forever. Will touched himself at the thought of them, of their coupling, and spilled his bedclothes even before he slept.

No alpha had ever made him feel so.

And now no one would ever again.

He slept fitfully that night, forlorn, and when morning came was greeted by his parents' worried faces.

"What is it?"

"Lord Chilton is missing."

Will froze. "Missing?"

"He disappeared last night after the party. No one seems to know his whereabouts. Do you remember him saying anything?"

Will could hardly remember much at all of what Frederick said the night before.

"No."

His mother sobbed. "Whatever will we do, now? No one will take you, and he was more than keen to...break you in. Now we're without a suitor even remotely desirable. You'll be ruined for life!"

Will felt his heart beat faster and resisted the urge to smile. "I'm very saddened, indeed. Excuse me."

He dressed himself quick, and was just about ready for breakfast when a knock came.

"Will, you have a letter."

Will took the letter from his mother, hands shaking, and read every word with excitement.

I pray for Lord Chilton's safe return.

He clutched the paper to his chest and lied right to his mother's face.

"I'm going out to light a candle for Lord Chilton."

"Alone? It's not proper, Will. You---"

Will's lip curled and yet he forced a frown. "I won't be alone. The priest will be there, and the nuns. Nothing indecent can happen to me at a church."

His mother put her hand on his shoulder and squeezed. "You're right, of course. Please light one for me."

He nodded mutely. “Oh I will. Do not worry yourself.”

The minute the door closed behind her he lifted the paper again and read the words.

I pray for Lord Chilton’s safe return.

Did Hannibal have Lord Chilton taken care of like he’d promised?

Had he done the deed himself?

And why did the second thought thrill Will so very much?

Will didn’t know, but as he tied his boots tight his hands shook with excitement.

If Chilton was gone, the proper wait for Will to be courted or proposed to again was months away. Would he and his alpha see each other in explicit secret till then?

And what may happen if they were caught?

Could someone of Hannibal’s courtly stature survive a scandal that shocking?

Will finished his boots and sat there, suddenly worried. His fast foray into the pleasures of an alpha had made him blind to reality. He was but a newspaper man’s son, and Hannibal a Count.

What if after all was said and done, he only used Will for the pleasure of deflowering him?

He bit his lip, lost in thought, and toyed with the idea of not following Hannibal’s cryptic clue. If he didn’t meet him, then last night was just a mistake. There would be other alphas, other arrangements, surely.

The thought of anyone else touching him the way Hannibal had made Will feel rather ill and he ran his hands through his hair.

No, he had to go.

Omegas weren’t thought of as wanton, reckless, creatures.

For now, Will would take what was offered him.

If it turned out to be a mistake, well, at least he’d followed his instincts.

AU-gust Day #24: Coffee Shop AU

Every morning for two years Dr. Hannibal Lecter walked into Brag & Brew, bought a small dark roast coffee with heavy cream and a scone before he departed for his office. It was a routine he got into very quickly, and quite enjoyed.

The coffee was very good and the scone a bit too hard for his liking the taste was worth the annoyance. His barista, Grigg, always smiled at him brightly before he left as well which was a plus.

Hannibal loved his coffee shop and even purchased some fresh grounds for his own use when he went on vacation for a month to Italy. His rented villa was exquisite, of course, and the coffee while the smell was the same just did not have that extra perfect taste he'd grown accustomed to having.

He was happy four weeks later to return to his regular routine.

Except that was impossible.

Brag & Brew had apparently changed ownership during his trip and when he drove up the next morning the name itself was entirely different.

The Dog House.

Hannibal disliked the name immediately, as did he the new inside decor.

The tables now were not in the same formation, nor were they even the same tables. And then there were the dogs.

Dogs everywhere.

Hannibal counted at least seven as he stood in line, gently pushing them off his Armani pants, and even before he got to the register he knew he'd need this suit dry cleaned.

"Hi, welcome to..." the man at the register started, but he interrupted.

"How long ago did this change of hands occur? Where is Grigg?"

The man's smile faded, but he tried valiantly to feign one.

"Grigg isn't working today, and my name is Will, I'm the owner. How can I help you, sir?"

Hannibal scoffed. "I will have a dark roast coffee with heavy cream and a scone please."

"Now is that puppy size, mutt size, or hound size?"

He raised his gaze up to the menu above him and saw that indeed this 'Dog House' had those names for their sizing system. "Small."

“Puppy, then,” Will said, “For another seventy two cents you...”

“I’m fine,” he said, his anger rising.

Another mongrel dog rubbed on his leg and Hannibal moved to push them off.

A tsk noise made the animal stop, walk away, and Hannibal looked at Will to see he’d been the cause. “Thank you.”

“They’re trained,” he said, taking Hannibal’s card, “But they get excited for new people. Sorry.”

“It’s...quite alright.”

Will smiled at him, genuine this time, and gave him his receipt.

“Thanks for coming in despite the changes. I took over as owner after Mr. Neiderman got into this big lawsuit and he didn’t have the cash to keep the place up so I just bit the bullet. I’m still paying off the loan and I had to cut back on staff so I work the counter sometimes, but we’re doing ok.

Hannibal took the receipt, moved to the side, and looked around. He saw several people petting the dogs, laughing, and even cuddling them on couches.

“People seem to enjoy the animals. Are they up for adoption?”

“What? No, they’re mine,” Will said, sounding offended.

Hannibal looked at him in surprise. “You have seven dogs?”

Will smiled. “Yes.”

“That is...”

A young woman came over with his ‘puppy’ coffee and a bagged scone. He removed the pastry from his bag, took a bite, and stopped.

“This is quite good.”

“Thanks, Dr. Lecter.”

“Hannibal,” he said, opening his wallet to take out a bill for the tip jar, “Call me Hannibal.”

He stuck in a fifty dollar bill and Will’s eyes widened.

“Um, thanks...Hannibal.”

“You’re quite welcome.”

Hannibal sat down at one of the tables close enough that he could see Will, and took a sip of his coffee. He closed his eyes at the taste and licked his lips.

Perfection.

One of the canines came up to his table and Hannibal stared down at the brown mixed breed. He broke off a piece of his scone and tossed the scrap to the dog before he looked at Will again. Will who looked away immediately, blushing.

Hannibal smiled.

Perhaps a change of routine was not so very bad at all.

AU-gust Day #25: Circus AU

Will hated this.

He wiped his brow, sighed, and heaved another shovel full of shit into the back of the truck. This was his least favorite job since he'd started here, and yet he was always pushed back to do it.

Shovel shit, wash the elephants, and feed them.

It wasn't the most glamorous, or even the most important but this kept him here.

Will hadn't had a place to call home until a year ago, fresh out of the orphanage and no relatives to take him. No one wanted to hire an orphan, no matter how much shit he promised to shovel.

He was just about to heave the last shovel full of shit onto the truck when a voice cut through the quiet.

"You look as if you could use a drink."

Will froze, his heart racing, and turned to see Hannibal standing against one of the trailers. He wore his pinstripe suit, top hat, and a smile but carried a glass of what looked to be lemonade in his hand.

"Um, thanks."

He reached for the glass and their fingers brushed.

"You're welcome, Will. This looks to be hard work."

"It's work," Will mumbled, taking a long sip, "That's all I care about."

"Hmm."

Hannibal took in the scene with barely covered disdain.

"I do wish Jack would allow you to be my assistant."

Hannibal was the resident magician in Crawford Circus. He was amazing at magic, Will should know he'd seen his show so many times he could almost recite the lines, and he'd been doing it for almost ten years. Hannibal had offered Will an assistant gig when he first came to the circus but the owner, Jack Crawford had vetoed.

No one wanted to see a male assistant.

Especially not in these podunk towns.

Will knew it was the truth, but still he felt disappointed.

“It’s fine,” Will said, handing him the glass, “I’m getting good at this.”

“That you are,” Hannibal said, eyeing him, “It’s surely built up plenty of muscle.”

Will blushed. “Yeah,” he mumbled, “Um, did you need something?”

“Oh,” Hannibal said, “I was hoping when you’d finished that you could help me move the bed in my trailer. Bedelia is...out, so I have no extra hands to help me.”

Bedelia Du Maurier was Hannibal’s assistant. She was his fifth in ten years, but also the most outspoken. Will had seen them in arguments more than once that almost always ended in her stalking off. He wouldn’t be surprised if one day she never came back.

“Uh, yeah,” Will said, nodding,” I can help you when I’m done.”

“Splendid,” Hannibal purred, handing him the glass again, “Now it’s best if you finish this now so I can return the glass without Beverly’s wrath.”

Beverly Katz was both the cook and the lion tamer. She was also one of Will’s only close friends outside of Hannibal, who he wasn’t sure was a friend at all.

“She’ll be fine if it’s for me.”

“So you say,” Hannibal said, sighing, “Ms. Katz does not like my interference in that makeshift slophouse she calls a kitchen.”

Will laughed. “No, she doesn’t. But I’ll keep you safe.”

Hannibal smiled. “I’m sure you will.”

Will finished the rest of his lemonade, the taste nothing short of amazing, and he handed Hannibal the glass. Their fingers brushed again, and he licked his lips.

“Thanks. I’ll...come by after I’m done.”

“You’re welcome. I await your arrival.”

Hannibal bowed, as he almost always did, and left with a flourish.

Will had to get himself in shit shoveling mode again after he was gone, lost in thought of him, and when he finally got the last shovel full he drove to the woods to start dumping. It took a few more hours, and he was dead tired but still made his way through camp to Hannibal’s fancy trailer.

He had the biggest trailer in the whole circus, which was justified since he brought in the most money or so Will had heard. There had been talk of him getting his own HBO special at some point but Hannibal wasn't interested in all that.

Hannibal just liked to wow the crowds.

He'd certainly wowed Will in the short time he'd been here.

Will didn't bother to take a shower, he was so eager, and as he stood outside Hannibal's trailer he second guessed himself. Hannibal wouldn't want him smelling up his place like this.

"Shit."

"Will?"

The door opened and Hannibal peered out at him. "How long have you been out here?"

"A few minutes. Look, I..."

"Is the shower not working? You may use mine if you'd like."

Will blinked. "Um...."

"It's no trouble at all and I can have clothes brought over for you."

He nodded mutely and walked inside.

Hannibal's trailer was the fanciest place Will had ever been inside. Everything glittered and glowed as he took it all in, and the further he went inside the better the sights to see.

"Thanks," he said, still staring, "I finished up and just ran over. I didn't think."

Hannibal led him to the small bathroom at the back of the trailer. The shower was just big enough for one man, and Will immediately had thoughts in his head of Hannibal inside. "It's quite alright. I'm happy you were so enthusiastic about helping me. The towels are there, freshly washed by my hand, and I will go see about your clothes."

He left Will alone, and Will took off his smelly clothes before he stepped under the warm spray.

The shampoos and soaps all smelled like Hannibal, which only made Will more aroused. He forced himself not to touch his already aching cock, and showered fast when he realized Hannibal could return at any moment. The sound of the door opening just as he turned off the water made him freeze.

"I've brought you clean clothes."

"Thanks," Will said, shivering.

“Ms. Katz was very helpful and...”

“You can just leave them on the floor.”

Hannibal didn’t say anything for a moment, and Will could see the outline of his frame through the foggy glass. “Are you alright?”

“I’m fine,” he murmured, “Thanks!”

He waited another second before he left the bathroom and Will stepped out in a rush. Will hastily dressed, still shaking, and when he was done practically jumped out of the bathroom.

Hannibal was standing right outside.

“I’m glad you’re alright, I was worried.”

Will shivered, blushing. “I’m fine.”

“That’s good. Now the bed is right in here.”

They turned and he led Will to his small bedroom, which still somehow held a queen sized bed. He blinked.

“You want to move this?”

“Yes, I thought perhaps...over there.”

Hannibal pointed an inch to the left.

“Um...ok?”

“Thank you.”

Will wondered why Hannibal couldn’t just move this himself. The bed would easily push without help, and yet he thought maybe Hannibal had grown up so fancy he didn’t even know that.

That was probably it.

He pushed the bed over hard, and fell face down onto the mattress moving it just where Hannibal had asked.

“Excellent.”

Will moved to stand just as Hannibal did, and their feet got entangled making them both fall onto the bed together. He was on the bottom, staring up at at Hannibal, and the closeness made Will’s entire body burn like he’d been set on fire.

“I...apologize.”

He felt his own blush, but couldn’t seem to move. “It’s okay.”

Hannibal smiled. “Thank you for coming to help me.”

He nodded mutely.

“If there’s anything...”

Will felt his cock start to move and forced himself out from under him.

“I gotta go, I’m sorry.”

“Oh, it’s...alright. Thank you again!”

He ran out of Hannibal’s tent so fast he nearly tripped getting dirty again but stopped himself. The tent for those without big fancy trailers was way at the back of the camp, but he got there eventually, falling face down onto his cot.

“Fuck.”

Matthew Brown, a juggler, laughed at him. “Rough day, Graham?”

“Always.”

He and Matt didn’t exactly get along, but they weren’t enemies either.

“Where’d you run off to earlier?”

“I was helping Hannibal.”

Matt scoffed. “How is Mr. Fancy doing?”

“Fine,” Will said, taking off his shoes.

“Hmm. Your hair looks wet, did you...” he trailed off, wiggling his eyebrows.

“Oh god, no! He let me use his shower!”

Matt smiled. “I’m sure he did.”

Will threw a pillow at him. “Asshole.”

He flopped back down onto his cot, closed his eyes, and tried to think of anything that wasn’t Hannibal Lecter.

When he woke the next morning it was to chaos.

Bedelia Du Maurier, Hannibal’s assistant, hadn’t come home that night and left a note that she was leaving the act. They had less than six hours to find a replacement who could learn the act well, and play off Hannibal like he deserved.

“Will can do it!” Bev said, making everyone look at him.

Will’s face burned. “No, I...”

“Will’s seen the magician show like twenty times!” she joked, “He knows that shit backwards and forwards. He can do it, Jack!”

Jack glared at Hannibal. “No.”

“Jack...”

Will took a deep breath and let it out slowly before he stepped up. “I can do it, Sir.” He said, shaking, “I...I know what Hannibal needs. I really do.”

Jack sighed, running a hand over his face. “Shit. Fine,” he mumbled, “But you better know your stuff. I’m not having my biggest act bomb.”

Will smiled as the others all came up to congratulate him when Jack left and his eyes scanned the crowd for Hannibal. Hannibal watched him with that same sly gaze and his smile made Will’s heart beat faster.

He could do this.

For Hannibal, he’d do this.

Will wouldn’t let him down.

Not like Bedelia, or any of the others.

He’d be the perfect magician’s assistant...or die trying.

AU-gust Day #26: Monster Hunters AU

For every monster, there was a hunter.

And for every hunter, there was....the kill.

Hannibal had never been much of a monster hunter, but he was a very good killer.

His family, of course, didn't know what type of thing he preferred to kill best but they didn't need to know. He kept his private pleasures to himself, and blamed the deaths on the monsters among them. That's what his parents and the townspeople wanted to believe, so he let them.

Then one morning he woke up to the sound of his mother's scream and everything changed. Thieves burst through his home, tearing things apart, and killing everyone but him. Oh they tried to get him, the monsters they were, but he fought with all his might and they ran.

Hannibal hunted them down one by one for the next four years.

He had killed more humans by the time he was nineteen than his father had monsters his entire life. Hannibal still feigned his professional monster hunting ability, using his family's name, and was hired by villages looking to rid themselves of a pesky 'monster' among them. Hannibal would often leave fake bones, blood, and scenes of carnage along his way in order to not do his job. Pretending to be a monster hunter was easier than being one, and he had no taste for it.

He was one of them, and it would be rude to judge.

His reputation grew the more 'scenes' he placed, and by the time he was in his thirties he was the only one who was called on when there was a monster problem. The letters always came in shaky scrawled hand, seeming urgent, and always ended with the same words.

Please, sir. We need you.

This letter though was different.

It wasn't from a sheriff, or even a mayor.

No, this one when it came seemed to be even more scared shaky scrawl than usual. The first line gave him pause.

Please, sir. They are going to kill me.

Hannibal read on, intrigued, and learned that there was a monster in Wolf Trap, Virginia. They were eating chickens, it seemed, and the townspeople were circling around in fear pointing fingers. This letter was from one Will Graham, age nineteen, and he was the monster

of Wolf Trap. He lived alone and harmed no one, but his hunger had grown beyond his control.

I could eat them all if I wanted to, sir. But I won't. I won't. I know you've helped others like me. They talk. I don't want to die. I will do anything.

He smiled, reading the short letter again, and picked up his sword. His life so far had been one of fake monster hunting. Perhaps, it was time he went after the real monsters and helped out one of his own.

"I'm coming, Will," he whispered, smiling, "They don't stand a chance."

AU-gust Day #27: Flower Shop AU

Hannibal Lecter loved flowers.

He always had ever since he was a young boy helping his mother tend to her rose garden. The memories of that time were very special to him, even now so many years later after the murders of his entire family, and when he comes to the United States he still clings to the happiness flowers bring.

That is why he opens Gėlė

The shop gives him free reign to grow, design, and cultivate many different bouquets and use his imagination more than he ever has before. Hannibal lives for his days in the shop, chatting and flattering the customers, and when he goes home every night he tends to his own garden.

He doesn't need anyone else.

The flowers are all he needs.

Will Graham hates flowers.

His last good memories of his mother were of helping her in the garden, laughing as they planted, and he pushes those thoughts away because he knows they meant nothing.

Every relationship Will has ends because he's called unfeeling or strange, which might be true but he doesn't let himself get attached to people he can see right through. That's why he has dogs. Dogs are loyal, easy to train, and will love you unconditionally.

He doesn't need anyone else.

The dogs are all he needs.

The first time Will sees Hannibal Lecter, the man is holding a bouquet so vivid it's hard to look away. He should be looking though, as a man walking several dogs, and before long he crashes right into both Hannibal and the woman he made the bouquet for.

Flowers rise up and fall around them as Will lands right on top of him.

He looks at Will, startled and more than a little angry, and yet something clicks.

"Beautiful," Will says, unable to help himself.

"Pardon me?"

"The flowers," Will mumbles, as they try to detangle themselves, "The bouquet was…really beautiful."

The dogs all bark for his attention even as they stand, and Will can't look away even as the man with the flowers stops looking at him.

"Thank you. Your…canines are quite…well groomed."

Will smiles. "Thanks."

The woman in question is oddly not upset, looking between the two of them, and before Will can even say anything he watches the man take her back inside.

He didn't normally take the dogs for a walk in town, especially not with such crowds, but something felt different today. If anything Will was glad he'd only brought Buster and Winston.

Will makes note of the shop name, Gėlė, and turns to leave before he makes another mistake.

"Sir!"

He turns just in time to see the man with the flower rushing at him.

"Yeah?"

There is a mess of flowers all over the sidewalk and the man leans down to pick one up. It's a kind of purple rose, and Will takes it with wide eyes.

"I wouldn't want this to go to waste. Please, feel free to come again, Mister…"

"Will Graham," he whispers.

"Hannibal Lecter."

"Thank you, Hannibal."

"You're quite welcome. I hope to see you again soon, Will."

Will nods, confused, and walks back to the car with a huge smile on his face.

He's still smiling when he drives home, and by the time he's got the dogs all settled in for the night he eats his microwave mac and cheese while googling purple roses.

Correction: Lavender roses.

Lavender roses are often associated with enchantment and love at first sight.

Will blushes, nearly choking, and searches for the flower shop's name.

He puts a small bouquet of lavender roses for pick up tomorrow in his cart. His heart is beating wildly in his chest when he presses purchase, and for the first time he feels excited after meeting someone.

The lavender rose he puts in a mug and smiles just seeing it.

Maybe flowers weren’t so bad after all.

AU-gust Day #28: Fashion & Models AU

Fifteen years have passed since fashion designer Hannibal Lecter launched his own infamous, “Thrill Kills” line. The clothes were universally praised and heralded throughout the industry but years of the line’s build up made Hannibal lose his inspiration.

He’s spent years trying to come up with something to follow the majesty that was “Thrill Kills,” and finds himself thinking he may never have that again. Lecter Wear is still a multi-million dollar company but even the rich are starting to tire of his throw away designs.

Which is why as he’s sitting at home looking through old fashion magazines for inspiration he’s struck by the sight of one particular model. He’s young, possibly in his early twenties, and just so beautiful Hannibal cannot look away.

He finds the same model again and again that very year, fifteen years ago to be precise. The model’s name is listed as Will, and he’s wearing Bedelia Du Maurier’s clothing in Vogue

magazine.

Seven calls later he's looking up Will Graham, and finds that after his one year of modeling the man never was photographed again. Hannibal suddenly gets inspired and begins to draw Will, in many different types of men's clothing, and by dawn he's got a new line.

The clothes go into production immediately but Hannibal's mind is on the fall fashion show. He must have Will, needs to showcase him, and when he has his people find the man's address he sends a missive hoping to get one in return.

Will ignores him.

Confused and a bit worried he calls again, and again, and again.

His number is blocked despite leaving messages.

He sends clothes along with letters.

They are all sent back.

Hannibal is so distraught he flies to Wolf Trap, Virginia where he's greeted not so very warmly by Will Graham now in his middle age and still quite beautiful.

"Get off my lawn," Will says, holding a shotgun.

"Mr. Graham, if you would just…"

Will aims the gun at his head. "I want nothing to do with this shit, Mister. Take no for an answer."

Hannibal backs away, startled, and just as he's about to his car a dog comes running out into the road from Will's open door.

"Winston, no!"

There's a rush as a large truck comes barreling down the road almost at the same time, and Hannibal rushes forward capture the canine right in the truck's path. He's knocked to the asphalt as he's hit and the truck stops.

"Get the fuck out of the…"

Will punches the driver in the face. "You almost killed him AND my dog, asshole! Get the hell out of here before I kill you myself."

The man glares at them both and gets in the truck driving off.

Hannibal holds onto the dog, still winded, and stares up at Will.

"Are you okay?"

"I'm….a bit sore."

He sighs. “I just picked him up last night,” he mumbles, “He’s not well trained. I didn’t…”

Will holds out his hand and helps Hannibal to his feet. His clothes are of course, ruined, and yet when Will smiles at him he couldn’t care less.

“Thank you.”

“Thank you,” Will says, petting Winston, “You saved my dog’s life.”

“You’re welcome. If you wish to repay my…chivalry…”

Will scoffs. “Did you throw yourself in front of a pickup truck just so I would model some clothes?”

“No, but if it helps…it was worth the pain. I have sketches to show you, if you’ll permit me.”

Will sighs. “Fine. Just one cup of coffee and you’re gone.”

“That sounds fair.”

“And I’ll help you get cleaned up.”

They walk into the house and Will tends to his scrapes and bruises with care. Hannibal finds himself even more enthralled by the elder version of Will than his younger self, and when he’s sufficiently mended takes out the sketches.

“Oh…it’s me.”

“Yes, you see….”

Will lifts one of the sketches up and looks at the drawing for a very long time.

“I hated doing this shoot,” he sighs, “I hated all of it, and you…you….”

“I need you for this, Will. If I did not think your face was the focal point of my vision I would not be so determined.”

Will sighs. “I…I did try on this one,” he mumbles, scratching the back of his head, “It was a little snug but…not bad.”

Hannibal smiles. “Would you allow me to see you wear the suit? I would like to very much.”

“If I do, that doesn’t mean I’m saying yes.”

“I’m well aware.”

Will nods once and leaves without another word.

Hannibal is of course excited at the thought of seeing Will in the black suit. He wants to see him in everything he’s created but just this once would be everything.

Will comes out less than fifteen minutes later, and he's floored by the sight of him.

"Oh, Will."

"It doesn't fit all that well."

Hannibal stands and comes up to him, fixing the tie. They're very close, and Will's cheeks pinken just enough to remind him of the young man in the old magazine photographs.

"I think it fits perfectly. You are…My Design."

Will smiles. "I'm not saying yes."

"Of course not."

"But, if you, want to show me some more stuff I wouldn't punch you in the face."

Hannibal beams.

"Let me show you what your beauty created."

"I'm not that kid anymore," he says, sitting down at the chair beside him, "I work on boat motors, I have seven dogs, and I'm not…I'm not this."

Hannibal puts his hand on Will's. "No, Will….you're better. I cannot wait to show you off to the world. If you'll allow me the privilege."

Will blushes again. "Just show me the damn sketches, Mr. Lecter. I'm not making any promises. No matter how many times you throw yourself in the street."

Hannibal smiles. "I am quite durable, and…very persistent."

"Oh I know, Mr. Lecter. I know."

"Call me, Hannibal."

"Okay Hannibal," Will says, leaning back in the chair and looking like the the devil in disguise, "Show me what you got."

"With pleasure."

AU-gust Day #29: Tattoo Parlor AU

“So, what’ll it be?”

Will smiled as he listened to Bev ask the man in the chair that age old question. He was almost certain this particular patron of My Design Tattoos would ask for a wild animal. This type usually did, all suit and no personality. Will watched the man stumble on his words.

“A wolf. I want a GREAT big wolf on my shoulder.”

He almost laughed.

This was too easy.

After so long in this business Will could figure out what people wanted on their skin without them even saying a word. He was good at his job but even better at reading people, so when the door dinged he was ready for just about anyone to walk inside.

Another business suit.

Though this one seemed to have a bit more personality. His red pinstripe suit was eye catching to say the last, coupled with slicked back hair and a face that at first wasn’t much at all but as he got closer Will found himself a little flushed. Handsome wasn’t the word for what this suit was, and yet he couldn’t think of any others.

“Hello.”

He smiled. “Hello, sir. You looking for a tattoo today?”

Suit looked around the room. “This is not the library?”

Will laughed. “Okay, you got me.”

“I am interested in a tattoo, yes.”

Will nodded. “You know what you have in mind?”

Suit pulled out a piece of paper from his breast pocket that he handed to Will. He unfolded the paper, expecting a wolf or perhaps a quote. The paper instead contained a drawing of Wound Man, intricately done, and when he looked up Will knew Suit was unlike any other suits he’d met before.

“Wow.”

“Thank you.”

He blinked. “*You* drew this?”

“I quite enjoy drawing, yes, and this particular piece has been...a part of my life for a very long time.”

Will licked his lips. “So you want this on your body...forever?”

“That is still what tattooing accomplishes, yes?”

He laughed nervously. “Well, yeah, but you just don’t seem the type.”

Suit smiled. “What type do I seem,” he said, looking at Will’s nametag, “Will?”

“You seem the quote type, or even the animal type. Not this. This seems more serial killer than sharp dressed man.”

“I was a surgeon,” Suit started, “For a very long time. This illustration reminds me of that time and other times when I was able to freely do as I was born to do.”

He blushed. “Oh.”

“Now I am no longer a surgeon, so I wanted to have this. If you don’t think you can do what I want then I will find another establishment.”

Suit tried to take the drawing from Will and he pulled it closer to his chest.

Will shook his head. “No, no,” he said, “I can do this. I can tattoo this on you with my eyes closed. I just wanted to be sure you understood what you were getting into.”

“I’m well aware.”

He smiled. “Are you ready to start today or do you want to make an appointment Mister....?”

“Lecter, Dr. Hannibal Lecter, and yes I would like to start today.”

Hannibal handed Will a black card, almost flashing his wealth, and normally he would’ve been annoyed but somehow Will wasn’t.

“I don’t need this yet.”

“You’re certain?”

“I usually wait till the end.”

“I have every confidence that you will give me what I desire, Will. Please charge whatever you think is best.”

Will blushed again, scratching the tats on his arm as he did just that. “Thanks, um....this is gonna take a few visits.”

Hannibal smiled as Will handed him the card back, and signed the receipt without even looking at the price. “Then we will have some time to get to know one another. You know much more about me than I do about you already.”

Will smiled. “You’re that interested in getting to know me, Dr. Lecter?”

“I like to know all types of interesting people, Will, and the few minutes I’ve spent with you makes me want to know just about everything I can.”

They headed toward the back and Will tried to tell himself this was just the normal type of flirting he got sometimes. Rich, snooty types liked to play with guys they thought were dangerous. The few visits he’d have with Hannibal would lead to nothing but a good picture for his portfolio.

But when Hannibal’s hand brushed his own as they walked, he shivered and their eyes met.

No, this was something else.

Will couldn’t wait to get his hands on Hannibal’s skin, and if he was reading his signals correctly Hannibal couldn’t wait to get his hands on his.

AU-gust Day #30: Magic AU - Bewitched, Bothered, and Bewildered

There was a witch next door.

Will had watched him move in from his front window, annoyed at the crowd of his neighbors who stood gawking in their front yards not even bothering to pretend they weren't desperate to welcome this strange man in their lives.

Everyone knew that witches weren't to be trusted.

They used your own desire against you, preyed on them, and for a small fee would give you just that very thing for a short while. Witches didn't give magic freely, and they sure as shit didn't move into completely human neighborhoods without motive.

This witch, whatever his name was, wanted something from all of them.

Will was determined not to go near him.

Then, of course, his best friend and fellow neighbor Bev brought the witch to his house.

Bev and Will had a very close relationship that had only grown in the years since she pushed her way into his life. He loved Bev, despite her constant need to try to push her way into his non existent love life, and every Monday they played cards with Alana Bloom and her wife Margot. Will loved card night, though he pretended not to, and that Monday he was ready to host in his house.

The knock at his door made him smile and when he opened up to his guests he froze.

“Will! Look who I brought with me. Margot is sick, so I invited Hannibal. I don’t think you’ve met yet?”

Will glared at her. “No.”

Hannibal, the very same witch who lived just across the street from Will and who he’d avoided for almost two weeks now, smiled as he held out his hand.

“Hannibal Lecter, nice to finally meet you.”

Will stared at the offered hand. “I’m not...”

Bev grabbed his hand and smashed his palm into Hannibal’s, who then shook their hands together. He shivered at the touch, his eyes wide, and Hannibal blinked.

“Oh, I see.”

“C’mon guys, let’s get playing!”

Bev and Alana pushed past him but Will stared at Hannibal not letting go.

“What do you see?”

Hannibal smiled. “You don’t like magic much, do you Will?”

“No,” he said, “I’ve...heard nothing but bad things about...the people who use it.”

“From your mother? Father?”

He bristled. “What business is it of yours, Mister Lecter?”

“It isn’t,” he said, gently pushing Will to the side, “But I think perhaps...you’ve been misled for a very long time. Magic users are not all bad. You may one day wish to get to know one just a bit and see that for yourself.”

Will watched him go the card table, oddly warm, and stared at the hand Hannibal had touched.

His hand was glowing.

He felt his heart beat wildly in his chest as he locked eyes with Hannibal, who raised his hand up for Will’s view.

Hannibal’s hand was glowing too.

“What the fuck?” Will whispered.

He walked over to the table, sat down across from Hannibal, and Bev began to deal. “Five card stud?”

“Fine,” Will said, barely hearing her as she started to deal them all in.

Hannibal never once took his eyes off of Will, nor did he stop touching his hand that still glowed. Alana and Bev didn't even seem to notice.

"See?" Bev whispered, leaning in as she patted Will's arm, "Witches aren't all that bad. You might even learn something about yourself if you'd just...try new things. You know?"

Will let out a long breath as he looked at the glow of his palm again.

"Yeah," he said, lifting his gaze to Hannibal who smirked back, "I already am."

Bev grinned. "Yay! See, I knew it was a good idea to invite Hannibal over. Gotta get you out of this anti witch stuff, right?"

"Right," Will mumbled, squeezing his hand as he felt the warmth of the glow still.

The game ended up being one of the worst Will ever played, mostly because he couldn't pay any attention to what was going on, and yet Hannibal did fairly well. He didn't beat everyone, though Will was almost sure that was only because he didn't want to, and as they headed into the next he vowed to win.

"Now we're gonna play Will's favorite," Alana said, grinning, "And my wife's too, so let's all have fun for her."

"What are we playing?" Hannibal asked, taking a bite of the cake he'd brought.

"Poker," Will said, smirking, "Have you played?"

"I have," Hannibal said, "Though it's been some time since I last indulged. What are the rules again?"

Will's agitation as he watched Alana and Bev fawn over Hannibal only grew, and his whole body felt hot the longer he shared space with him. The witch was doing something to make Will feel this way, he just knew, but Alana and Bev wouldn't believe him.

He was quite sure of that since neither of them noticed Hannibal's glowing palm as he passed out pieces of his cake. The smug smile he gave Will when he handed over a piece to him made Will want to punch him in the face.

"I hope you like this," he said softly, "It's an....old family recipe."

"Eye of newt and toe of frog then, huh?"

"Will!" Alana said, hitting his arm.

Hannibal smiled. "It's quite alright," he teased, "The eye of newt is of course much a part of the recipe but I ran out of frog toes so you'll have to settle for cinnamon."

Both Bev and Alana laughed.

Will stared at the cake. He could say he wasn't hungry, or just set the plate down without even taking a bite. Alana and Bev would say he was rude, but that would blow over.

Something made him take a bite.

The taste was amazing.

He swallowed, suppressing a moan, and set the plate down. "It's ok," he lied, "A little dry."

Will watched the teasing glint go out of Hannibal's eyes.

"Will, stop being an ass! Hannibal, the cake is delicious. Will just hates good things."

He watched Hannibal set his own plate down and frown. "Thank you."

The rest of the night Hannibal was oddly subdued, and Will noticed their glowing hands began to dim. He felt his chest grow tighter the more he watched the light go to almost non-existent while they played. Will's guilt ate away at his concentration again enough that he lost poker, not that he cared much, and the minute the game ended he picked up his cake again to take another bite.

Will could feel Hannibal's eyes on him as he pressed his fork into the moist dessert, and when the cake hit his tongue he was certain he had witch's entire attention. He let himself indulge, eating every bite, and when he looked up Hannibal was smiling.

"You've come to appreciate the dryness, now?"

He blushed, setting the fork down, and took a long sip of his beer.

"That's what the beer is for."

Alana and Bev both smiled at him in that horrible knowing way that he hated.

"Beer and cake," Bev said, "My kind of meal."

Hannibal held out his hand. "Would you like another?"

His hand was glowing bright now, almost so bright Will's eyes hurt, and as annoying as this all was he felt immensely better. "Please."

Alana yawned exaggeratingly. "Well, I think I'm getting REALLY tired so I'm gonna go check on my wife. You all have fun but...."

"I'm going too!" Bev said loudly, jumping up so fast the chair almost fell over, "I...uh....have work to do."

"At ten o'clock at night?" Will asked, taking the piece of cake from Hannibal.

"Yes," she said, pushing her chair into the card table, "I...have lots of work."

"You manage a comic book store," Will said.

“Inventory,” she said, lifting up her hands, “I...I have lots of inventory.”

“Goodnight guys!” Alana said, grabbing Bev’s arm and almost pulling her.

Will rolled his eyes and took a bite of his cake.

“I suspect that this was more than a ‘welcome to the neighborhood’ invitation.”

He scoffed. “No shit.”

“I...suppose you’d like to talk about this.”

Hannibal held up his glowing palm.

Will held up his own as he set down his fork. “You think?”

“What do you know about your mother, Will?”

“What does that...”

Hannibal reached across the card table and took Will’s glowing hand in his. The effect was immediate heat, almost too much, and Will pulled away.

“Your father told you bad things about witches your whole life, I’m assuming. So much so that you grew to hate witches and magic of any kind, but there was a growing feeling inside that you fought to keep in. Am I correct?”

Will squeezed his hand. “Yes.”

“And you thought that feeling was some sort of curse that would haunt you the rest of your life?”

“What are you trying to say? That I’m a witch? That my mother...”

Hannibal snapped his fingers and a flame shot out of his glowing palm. Will stared at the flame, mesmerized, and felt an urge to touch.

“You can,” Hannibal purred, holding his hand out for Will, “I promise you, Will. You can touch all you’d like.”

Will put his hand over the flame and gasped at the feeling. His eyes filled with tears.

“My father hated me so much he made me hate myself? That’s what you’re trying to tell me.”

Hannibal grabbed his hand, snuffing out the flame, and pulled Will forward.

“You have magic in you, Will. Our magics are...attracted to one another. It’s not uncommon for witches to find companions this way or just...teachers. I would like to teach you. If you’d let me.”

He pulled his hand away, staring at the glow, and then at Hannibal again.

“No. I’m...no I have to...you need to go.”

“Will...”

“GO!” Will said loudly, just as suddenly several things flew across the room.

Hannibal stood. “You’re making a mistake.”

“It’s my mistake to make. Please, just go.”

He looked away as Hannibal headed for the door.

“You have such power in you, Will. I’ve never felt anything like it. It’s...quite something.”

Will turned away, tears filling his eyes, and when the door closed he covered his face with his hands.

“Fuck, fuck, FUCK!” he yelled.

It couldn’t be true.

His dad wouldn’t do this to him.

He wasn’t a witch.

Hannibal was just---

Will lifted his hand, and saw how the glow was still so very bright. He stood up, walked to the door, and opened up to Hannibal sitting on his porch. Hannibal didn’t turn.

“I apologize,” he said, holding up his hand, “I found it very hard to go.”

He sighed, stepping out, and sat down beside him.

“They’re both watching us.”

“Yes,” Hannibal said, smiling at him, “I confess that was one of the positives I associated with staying. Your friends may think you kicked me out and force you to talk to me again.”

Will scoffed, shaking his head. “I....”

“You never knew your mother?”

“She left when I was too little to remember knowing her,” he said, staring at his hand, “But...she’s still alive. I get cards every now and then that I usually throw away.”

“I see.”

“If this is true,” Will said, staring out at the street, “And I let you help me, what’s in it for you?”

“The pleasure of your company, and the satisfaction in knowing I helped your magic grow.”

“So, bragging rights that you nabbed a powerful new cult member?”

Hannibal reached for his hand and Will trembled when he squeezed their palms.

“Something like that.”

“Strictly business, then. Just keep it professional?”

“Or we could socialize like adults. God forbid we become friendly.”

Will pulled his hand away, rubbing where they’d touched. “I don’t find you that interesting.”

“You will,” Hannibal whispered.

He looked at him again, really looked, and felt an immense fear.

“This could be the biggest mistake I ever make.”

Hannibal smiled. “We all make mistakes, Will, but this is not one of them.”

Will sighed, “Okay, I’ll...let you teach me, or pull whatever hidden magic in me there is that’s just dying to get out.”

He felt like a weight had been lifted when Hannibal took his hand again and ran two fingers over his palm.

“Thank you for giving me this gift.”

“Aren’t you going to be the one giving me the gift?”

“Yes, I suppose,” Hannibal said, standing and letting Will’s hand drop, “But the true gift is getting to watch your magic grow. I am but a guide in this, Will, guiding you on your journey to becoming who you were born to be.”

Will blushed, rubbing his hand again. “Oh.”

“And with that, I will bid you a goodnight.”

“But...when are we gonna start?”

Hannibal smiled. “I will contact you when I feel the time is right. Goodnight, Will.”

Will frowned. “Goodnight.”

He watched him go, feeling oddly lonely, and when the door to Hannibal’s house closed he went inside his own. Winston ran up to greet him as he sat down on the couch.

The light in his palm was dimmer now, and Will wanted the brightness of before to return with every fiber of his being.

And he had no idea why.

AU-gust Day #31: Vampire & Coffee Shop AU

The first time Will walks into Take A Sip he's nervous.

Newly divorced and still not good at social situations, he doesn't know how to do this.

The vampire coffee shop is open to all types, vampire or otherwise, and yet he still feels all eyes on him like he's not welcome. The barista at the counter smiles and her fangs make Will's body ache for something he's been denying himself for far too long.

"Hello, welcome to Take A Sip! What can I get you?"

She's blonde, looks young but probably isn't, and her eyes are a shade between blue and red. The nametag on her apron reads, Mischa, and when he talks Will is sure he sounds as nervous as he feels.

"Coffee," he says quietly, "Black coffee."

"Cream? Sugar?"

"No, thank you."

Mischa rings him up, eyeing him in that way vampires always seem to do, and when he pays Will is sure she can hear the fast beating of his heart.

"The name?"

“Will.”

“Thanks, Will. We’ll have your coffee up soon.”

He moves to stand with the other people waiting, all pale and obvious vampires.

This was a stupid idea.

Molly had known Will’s tastes were expanding the last year of his marriage when his excitement was down to zero in the bedroom. He’d found vampire porn online, clicked on a whim, and then spent every night devouring all he could find.

“I’m not enough anymore,” she said, handing him the papers, “I know it and you do too.”

He remembers signing without argument, and while he misses her it’s not because of sex.

Will just misses having someone to talk to, someone he feels comfortable with, and someone who makes him laugh.

His friends mostly went on Molly’s side, all but Bev who is way more social and knows more vampires than Will does. Which isn’t hard because Will knows exactly zero.

“Take A Sip,” she’d said, wiggling her eyebrows, “Lots of hot vamps hang out there and the owner is really nice. He’ll look out for you if he sees anyone being...all mind-y.”

Mind manipulation wasn’t even a thought in Will’s plan but now he worries if he’d even notice.

“Will!”

Will looks up and sees his cup sitting on the counter. He takes it just as someone else does too.

“Oh,” the man says, smiling with very pointed fangs.

He’s blonde, young looking, and way too good looking for Will.

“I think this is mine.”

The vampire grins, and Will feels oddly dizzy. “I see that. Hello, I’m....”

“Your blood is ready, Steven.”

Will looks up, his mind clear, and sees a man behind the counter with red eyes glaring at the vampire. “Oops,” Steven says, grinning.

“I guess I looked an easy target,” Will mumbles, “Thanks.”

The man frowns at him. “Are you alright, Will?”

He blinks, and suddenly tears are in his eyes. “I’m fine.”

The nametag on the man's apron says 'Hannibal' and while he can't see fangs it's not hard to guess he's a vampire. A second later he reaches over and hands Will a bagged scone. Their fingers brush and he shivers. "You don't have to---"

"Yes, I do. Mind control can drain a human quite quickly and you'll be even more vulnerable during your stay. This is my establishment and I want every patron to feel safe here."

Will nods and walks away, feeling warm even before he takes his first sip.

The coffee is good, great even, and when he sits down Will looks to see Hannibal watching him. He nods and Hannibal nods back.

Will stays for the next few hours, sipping his coffee and letting it go cold.

No other vampires come near him, and he wonders if it's because he's doing something wrong. He wants to just experience vampire sex once, and if his fantasies are all wrong he can go back to porn.

He sighs, taking the last sip, and moves to stand only for someone to appear at his side.

It's Mischa.

She hands him a clear pink drink. "On the house," she says, smiling.

Will frowns and takes the drink. "Thank you."

He sits down and takes a small sip.

It tastes like strawberries and he reminds him of home.

Will spends the rest of the day in Take A Sip and is given several 'on the house' things including a sandwich which he eats with Hannibal's eyes on him. He's working his way up to saying something, anything, by the time darkness falls and it's nearly time to close.

The patrons all start to disperse but Will stays, nursing his fourth drink, and when it's down to him he stands.

Hannibal is there within seconds.

"I imagine you were confused today."

He smiles. "Confused, yeah, but well taken care of."

Hannibal smiles at him. "I am utterly fascinated by you, Will, and was from the moment you entered my establishment. I did not wish for you to leave."

Will blushes and pushes his glasses up on his nose. "This...this doesn't usually happen in real life."

Hannibal takes Will's other hand and kisses his knuckles. "I assure you, this is happening."

He swallows the lump in his throat. “I...came here for a reason.”

“The same reason most humans do,” Hannibal purrs, brushing his knuckles with a cold thumb, “I expect you’re interested in sharing a bed with a vampire.”

He nods.

“I regret to inform you that I am not interested in that with you.”

Will feels the rebuff and tries to move away but Hannibal pulls him closer.

“I wish to *know* you before I taste you. If that is...acceptable.”

He nods. “Yeah.”

Hannibal smiles and his teeth seem even larger. “Would you care to have dinner with me tomorrow evening at my home?”

Will licks his lips. “Yeah, that’s...that sounds okay.”

“Wonderful.”

He feels the loss when Hannibal lets go of him and when he turns he sees Mischa at the door.

“My sister is impatient.”

“She’s your sister?”

“Yes, we’re...quite close. She encouraged me to keep you here today.”

Will smiles at her. “Thanks I guess.”

Mischa grins.

Hannibal pulls a card out from his apron and hands it to Will. An address is printed on it.

“I assure you, I do not give these cards out.”

“You just happen to have them on you?”

“Always,” Hannibal says, “I have only ever given out two of them. One to a young woman with an abusive husband that I took care of and now you.”

Will blinks. “I think you just told me you killed someone.”

“I said ‘took care of’ and that can mean many, many things.”

He laughs. “I guess. I...I’m gonna...”

Hannibal nods just as Mischa opens the door and Will feels his eyes on him when he walks toward her. “Thanks,” Will says again, “I...I think....”

“He likes you,” she whispers, “He doesn’t like anyone but he likes you. That’s important. I hope I see you again.”

Will walks out into the night, feeling warm and excited.

The card in his pocket is full of possibilities, and yet he wonders if this will end like Molly. How far can two people go because of a new found fetish? Will frowns, pulling on his seatbelt, and is about to pull away when someone knocks on his window.

It’s Hannibal.

Will rolls the window down and he sets a bag inside.

“I made you something to remember me by,” he purrs, eyes suddenly seeming even more red, “I did not wish for you to...forget.”

He smiles. “I don’t think I’ll forget today for anything.”

“Goodnight, Will. Sweet dreams.”

“Goodnight.”

Will pulls away, blushing, and he waits only a block before he opens the bag.

The cupcake inside is dripping red with strawberry filling, and on top is a candy fang.

He laughs.

He doesn’t even know Hannibal yet and he already likes him.

AU-gust Extra- Hannigram A/B/O AU: The Lost Alpha

Will's alpha dies on a Thursday.

It's not a particularly interesting day, but the feeling of their bond breaking is like dying. He's barely able to breathe, clutching his chest, and when he wakes up to find Abigail staring down at him he realizes he's crying.

"Daddy?"

His daughter is five years old and she's already used to seeing him like this.

"I'm okay, Abby," he lies, shaking as he tries to stand.

Matt doesn't like it when Will leaves the house, but he can for groceries. They're full up, and Matt knows it, but he feels like something is different.

The police are on his porch not one hour later.

A car accident, they say.

Will tries not to burst into tears of happiness.

His mistake of ever getting involved with Matthew Brown, of loving someone who wanted to own him, is now over. He expects to hear from the hospital about life insurance, or just their joint account being open now to him.

Will finds out there's nothing left.

He also finds out where Matt was going every Friday night.

The papers always called him, "The Hawk," a bird of prey that likes to pick on smaller animals. Seven died at his hand, and apparently he was Will's alpha. Will had always wondered why their bond was so basic, and yet still so full of control. He'd always read that bonds were so full and complete, like finding another half of your soul. Will's sure now his inner omega kept him from knowing the monster in his bed more fully.

He never wants to bond to another alpha again.

Not now, not ever.

He's a single omega with a broken bond and no prospects. No one wants to hire him, not even as a substitute teacher, and that's why he goes to the ranch.

His father, Michael, owns the large ranch way out away from everything. His letter is apologetic, upset, and full of surprise. HIs Dad never liked Matt, and Matt hated his Dad.

Will packs everything he can into the van and drives down to Wolf Trap.

The ranch looks the same as he remembers mostly, though it's a little dilapidated. He pulls up and parks, unstraps Abby, and she runs right for the cows.

"COWS, Daddy! LOOK AT THE COWS!"

His heart hurts to see her smile so big.

Every mistake he's made in the last five years probably fucked her up forever.

"Willy, look at you."

He turns to smile at his Dad, nearly running into his arms, and the tears that fall seem to never stop.

"I'm sorry, son," his Dad says, "I should've never…."

The sound of a door closing makes Will look up, and he moves back as a man he doesn't know comes out of the house. He's got a beard, messy hair, and eyes that are something between red and brown.

"Oh, I…Will this is…Dante."

Will frowns when he smells the alpha.

"Who's this, Dad?"

"Dante's been helpin' me out here the last few months, feeding the animals and such. Real strong fella he is."

Dante's gaze seems to drill into Will, searching, and he blushes despite the anger he feels.

"I'm not nearly as strong as Michael is," he says, smiling, "He exaggerates."

His voice is accented, European Will is sure, and when he walks it's almost too forced. Like he's someone used to wearing suits instead of overalls, and capturing the attention of everyone in a room.

Will is almost sure he's seen this man somewhere before.

"Hello….Dante."

"Hello, Will," he says, coming closer now and holding out his hand, "I've heard so much about you."

Will reluctantly takes his hand and shivers at the touch.

"I've heard absolutely nothing about you."

"Michael knew you were wary of alphas," he says, taking his hand back and stepping away for Will's benefit, "So he thought it best not to tell you."

Abby's voice cuts through their talking, and Will's fear rises when she comes running their way.

"DADDY I PET A COW!"

Will stops her from getting too close to this strange alpha and picks her up.

"That's great, Abby," he says, "This is your Grandpa and…Dante, his friend."

"Hi!" she says, waving.

His father smiles with tears in his eyes. "Hello, there," he says softly, eyes teary, "She looks the spitting image of you."

"I know."

"Hello, Abigail," Dante says, bowing.

Abby laughs. "Like a Prince!"

The smile Dante gives her makes Will's stomach feel odd, and it's not from fear.

"It's a pleasure to meet you both," he says, "But I must return to work."

"BYE!" Abby says.

He walks off, still with those practiced steps, and Will turns to his Dad.

"Who the hell is that?"

“He showed up in town a few months ago, looking for work. He’s a great fella, Will. I promise you.”

Will still feels like it’s all very strange.

So strange that he can hardly sleep that night in his old bedroom. He wanders outside for air, the cool summer breeze a blessing, and it takes way too long for him to smell he’s not alone.

“Did you miss it?”

He doesn’t look at Dante. “A little,” he sighs, “But I mostly missed just feeling…free.”

There’s a pause before Dante replies. “Michael told me your mate was…not ideal.”

“He shouldn’t be talking about my business with strangers.”

“I apologize but…he worried for you.”

Will looks at Dante, too close and yet so far away. “I don’t blame him,” he whispers, “But Dad let Matt control him just as much as he controlled me.”

“Michael has much distrust of alphas.”

“Yet he let one move onto his property without worry,” Will snaps, “He…”

Dante reaches for Will’s cheek and he shivers. He hasn’t been touched by an alpha so tenderly in all his life, and his eyes fill with tears. “Not all alphas are monsters.”

“Mine was a serial killer,” Will says, voice shaking, “I fell in love with someone who could….”

“Not all killers are monsters either,” Dante says, running his thumb across Will’s chin, “Your heart is heavy because you gave it to the wrong person. You never know when the right one can find you. Don’t let your heart be hidden, Will. You deserve happiness.”

“With a serial killer?” Will laughs, wiping tears from his face.

“With someone who loves and cherishes you, no matter what they do in their spare time.”

They stare at each other for far too long before Will steps away from his touch.

“I think I’ve had enough air,” he whispers, blushing, “Goodnight, Dante.”

Dante smiles. “Goodnight, Will.”

Will has to force himself to leave the alpha, cheeks still red, and when he goes inside he finds himself wet with want. He can’t let himself be taken in by the sweet words and gentle touch of another alpha.

He can’t.

But as he lies in the dark all he can remember is Dante’s tender touch.

And want to feel it again.

AU-gust Extra: Magic Arranged Marriage

If there was one thing everyone in the magical community knew it was this:

Will Graham hated Hannibal Lecter.

The pair had been at odds for what felt like forever, borne from what no one had any idea, and yet Hannibal seemed determined to push Will's buttons. The two witches weren't evenly matched, and yet neither made a move to thwart the other.

Will tried to tell himself it was because of how it felt to be near him. Unstable, reckless, and just a bit dangerous. He didn't want to inadvertently hurt an innocent, and yet most everyone thought him a monster still.

They feared him more than Hannibal, perhaps because he did not take the time to show them anything but his anger, and as the years went by he grew bitter.

His home in the woods was secluded, far away, and without bothersome peasants looking for some magic to fix their problems. No one came to him unless they were desperate.

Except Hannibal.

Hannibal came because he enjoyed getting Will angry, and often made sure they were in public when he did so.

That late evening in early Autumn he came to Will's home quite alone, and said just about the most ridiculous thing he'd ever said to Will.

"We are arranged to be married."

"You can't be serious."

Hannibal handed Will the contract. "It states that Will Graham, son of Michael and Ann Graham, is arranged to wed Hannibal Lecter, son of Thanatos and Simonetta Lecter. The contract was of course done without our knowledge but as it's magically linked….we have little choice."

Will glared at him. "Says who?"

"Says the magic link that will of course kill us both if we do not marry."

"Kill us?"

"Unless, of course, one of us dies before the end of this year."

Will's smirked, lifted his hand, and a flame rose from his fingers.

"You think that would deter me?"

Hannibal smiled. “No, but I thought it best to persuade you on the path of least resistance first.”

Will took the contract in his hand and brought it to the flame. They both watched as it fizzled but did not burn.

“I’d watch yourself, Hannibal,” he said, eyes glowing, “I have no need for a husband but it would bother me very little to add murder to my fictitious misdeeds. People already fear me. It would only help to make them stay away.”

Hannibal grabbed his hand, startling him, and brought it to his lips.

“Will…I want you more than I’ve wanted anyone. This contract…is my parents’ last and best gift to me. Think on it, Will. Please.”

They stared at each other for a moment, and Will felt like he could see inside his soul.

“I will….but you had best keep one eye open.”

Hannibal winked. “I always do.”

And then he was gone.

Will picked up the contract again, feeling remnants of his father’s magic flowing through the page, and his anger softened.

Why had his parents done this to him?

And why did it have to be Hannibal Lecter?

He let the page fall, stared at his flame, and snuffed it out in a snap.

His magic had always been stronger around Hannibal, he knew that, and yet he’d told himself it was because he hated the sight of him.

Now as he stared around the quiet room, he let himself think for a moment that perhaps there may be another reason after all.

Au-gust Extra: 19th Century Soulmates

Lady Komeda's annual ball was quite possibly the most elaborate of the season. Every inch of the ballroom was glittery golds, shining whites, and those were just the decorations. The clothes were just as decadent, dripping with wealth, and as Count Hannibal Lecter looked around the room he was bored with it all.

These people were shallow, vapid creatures with no real personality or value. He imagined their deaths one by one while smiling fakely and tossing out compliments like scraps of meat for wild dogs.

He had been at this ball for nearly an hour now, and found not one person to have a decent conversation with.

The only interesting person in the room was Lady Du Maurier, but as she had just recently found her soulmate there was little room to get her attention. The two women only had eyes for each other, soulmarks burning on their hands, and everyone around the room looked at them in envy.

Soulmates were, of course, so very rare that to see a match in real time was supposed to be a celebration. No one here was celebrating, least of all Lady Komeda who was well past the age for finding hers.

Hannibal watched them now and felt nothing like envy.

He pitied poor Bedelia for the attachment. Soulmates were a phenomena unlike any other but the drawback was not worth the payoff in his opinion. Everyone who lost their soulmate often died themselves, and Hannibal did not need that holding over his head.

Worrying for someone else's safety had not been a factor of his life since he was very young and he didn't wish for that feeling to return.

Or any others.

When this ball was all over he would need to release some tension, which meant going through his files for someone to dispose of quickly.

Lord Chilton, perhaps?

The man was at the bottom of his wealth now, desperate for a match or a soulmate with money, and if Hannibal flattered him enough he'd do just about anything.

Hannibal smiled.

That seemed like a perfect ending to this waste of a night.

He headed now away from his conversation with Franklyn Froideveaux, cheese connoisseur and salesman. Why Lady Komeda would have invited the poor man Hannibal did not know, but perhaps he'd provided the cheese hors d'oeuvres.

There were young men carrying trays all about the room, beautiful creatures who were obviously servants of the lady herself, and as Hannibal took a cheese cracker from one he winked at the young man making him blush.

"Thank you."

"You're," the young man squeaked, "You're very welcome, sir."

He bowed and took off almost in a run.

Pity.

That would've been a good distraction as well.

Hannibal eyed the room, hoping for something or someone to waste his last hour with and found none. Though to his horror Mr. Froideveaux seemed to spot him again. He saw the balcony doors and headed for them in hopes he would not be noticed. The minute the door closed he let out a sigh.

"…and if you touch me again, I will…"

He looked up, surprised, and saw a young man standing on the balcony holding a tray and looking very determined as he spoke to himself.

"I do not think guests are looking for cheese out here."

The young man turned, startled, and his wide blue eyes reminded Hannibal of the ocean. His curls bounced as he moved and Hannibal wanted to run his fingers through their softness.

"Excuse me, my Lord. I was…getting some air."

Hannibal walked over to him slowly but kept distance between them.

"This is a very good place for air, and to get away from guests with wandering hands."

The blush he got in return only confirmed his suspicions.

"The Lady does not like us to complain about guests, but this man keeps…"

"What is his name?"

The young man blinked. "I…I should not tell you."

Hannibal eyed the tray. "May I?"

"I…of course."

He took a cheese cracker and brought the food to his mouth, biting down while never once looking from the young man. He swallowed, licking his lips, and smiled.

“Very good.”

“I…did not make them.”

“No, but they are still quite good.”

“I will tell the kitchen staff.”

Hannibal nodded. “Will you tell me the name?”

“I shouldn’t.”

He reached for the young man’s hand, ready to charm the name out of those perfect pink lips, and was shocked when a heat went through them. The tray fell as they stared, confused, and when he looked down their hands had matching marks.

Soulmate.

The young man pulled his hand away, cheeks flushed, and attempted to flee but Hannibal stopped him.

“Your name.”

“I….”

“You see the marks on our hands,” he whispered, “I will not be letting you go, not now, and perhaps not ever.”

“A soulmark is not a brand of ownership, my Lord.”

“I am not a Lord,” he whispered, taking the young man’s hand to his lips, “I am a Count and above the stations of everyone here now. Tell me your name.”

“Will Graham.”

“Hello, Will. My name is Hannibal.”

“I…I need to get back before the lady of the house…”

Hannibal smiled. “Lady Komeda will no longer be a problem you have to worry about, Will, nor will the man who touched you inappropriately. How old are you, Will?”

“One and twenty, S…Hannibal. I’ve lived here since I was quite young.”

“This is your first party, yes?”

“Lady Komeda needed one more to wait on the guests and I was given the task. I work with the horses, and often the dogs.”

“I have plenty of both at my estate as well, but would allow you as much as you’d like.”

Will pulled away. “I…I’m happy that we’ve matched,” he whispered, staring down at the fallen tray, “But I will not go home with you.”

Hannibal blinked. “We are soulmates, Will. This is not merely a courting, it’s fate.”

“As I’ve said already, sir….a soulmark is not a brand of ownership. Our souls may match but my body and my mind belongs to me.”

He felt an immense pleasure at the fire in Will’s eyes, and without thought knelt down in front of him.

The widening of Will’s eyes made him feel even happier. “You are…perfect.”

“Hannibal…you….”

The balcony door opened and they both turned to see the cheese man, Franklyn, staring at them. He looked even more shocked than Will.

“I…what is going on? Why are the crackers all over the floor? That is nearly twenty dollars worth of imported cheese!”

Hannibal looked at Will again, grabbed his hand, and their skin warmed.

“I wish to court you, Will. If you’ll allow me the privilege.”

Will nodded. “I…yes.”

Several more voices added to Franklyn’s but Hannibal did not notice or care to whom they belonged. He stood up slowly with Will’s help, and when they were close enough to whisper he asked again.

“Who touched you inappropriately?”

Will turned to look at the crowd who now watched them and his glare made him even more lovely. “That man there,” he whispered, “Chilton.”

Hannibal turned and locked eyes with Frederick who looked as white as a ghost.

He held up his and Will’s soulmarked hands for him to see clearly, kissing Will’s hand in plain sight.

“He will not touch you again.”

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